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THE DEBATE, THE DIVISION, AND ITS RESULTS.

A VERY good debate has been followed by a very exciting division. There have been debates in which warmer feeling has been displayed, divisions on which a larger issue depended. But the debate may rank among the best that the English Parliament has known, and the division came, at the end, like the secret key to a mysterious dramatic plot. Everything culminated towards it, and, if fancy had been asked to fix the ending, it could not have fixed a better one. A division that forced the Ministry to resign would have been a great misfortune; a division that gave even a shadow of a triumph to the Ministry, and left it doubtful whether it had not, after all, been very clever in devising the little artifice which Mr. GOSCHEN took so much infantine pleasure in revealing, would also have been a bad thing. But a division that left the Ministry with a miserable majority of five taught them a lesson they could not misconstrue, at the same time that it left them free to go on and profit by their experience. The speaking in the debate has been quite good enough to dispel the notion that in old times Parliamentary oratory was much superior to what it is now. This is not at all true. There is much more meaning, much more thought, in Parliamentary oratory now, than there was formerly. There is less fertility of metaphor, possibly; there are fewer mere ornaments of language, fewer good hits, and less fun. But, if this be true, this is the outside of what can be said. The speeches of the present day are much more full of matter, and yet they are not at all dull. They are pointed, varied, and very artistically arranged. Mr. GLADSTONE paid the tribute of a sincere admiration to Mr. LOWE's speech, though it was so entirely adverse to him. He is himself too skilled a speaker not to notice with delight how rapid was the succession, how brilliant the exposition, how subtle the connection and arrangement of the views which Mr. LOWE offered to the House; and Mr. GLADSTONE himself, in his concluding speech, spoke better, with feeling less exaggerated, with an earnestness more telling, with a boldness less arrogant than he has spoken at any time during this Session. Mr. BRIGHT alone, of the few debaters of the first rank, fell short of his ordinary success. The secondary speakers on the Government side also did less well than their party had a right to expect. They were, in fact, hampered by the unfortunate mistake their leaders had made, and were overcome by the impossibility of showing that the amendment was not supported by excellent arguments. Mr. FORSTER, Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. VILLIERS, and Sir GEORGE GREY all spoke less well than usual, and Mr. LAYARD contrived to alienate and irritate as many people as could possibly have been managed in the time he allowed himself. Fortunately, during most of the debate, the House was in the hands of competent speakers; but sometimes there were terrible intervals. When, after incessant efforts to catch the SPEAKER's eye, and bitter complaints in public and private, and appeals to the managers of their respective parties, and even open declarations of their grievances to the House itself, some of the obscurer members contrived to speak, the reporters describe the effect of their speeches by saying that about this time of the evening the debate languished. And yet there were at least sixty enthusiasts who wished to take a humble part in even a languishing debate, but who most happily were condemned to silence. They had the consolation of taking part in an exceedingly exciting division, and this was quite as much as was good either for them or for Parliament.

The general result of the debate and the division does not appear to us unfavourable to Reform. The arguments of those who oppose all Reform were put as well as they could be put, but they did not seem to meet the real state of facts or to represent the impartial judgment of the nation. Mr. LOWE and Sir BULWER LYTTON expatiated on the danger of yielding an inch to democracy. Lord CRANDORNE placed in the

strongest light the wildness of the aims and the vagueness of the principles of those who at this moment assume to be at once working-men and leaders of working-men. General PEEL poured forth a torrent of red-hot Toryism, and boldly declared that everything done in England for the last thirty years had been ill done. Every type and stage of Toryism was represented, even down to the mediocre decorous Toryism of Mr. GATHORNE HARDY. But philosophical theories discountenancing all change whatever go a little too far, and we can neither admit that the result of the present state of things is perfect, nor that, if the result were perfect, we ought to look only to the result, and be indifferent to the means by which this result is accomplished. Big names ought not to frighten us any more than we can expect them to frighten Mr. LOWE; and there is something so ludicrous in the assumption that petty shopkeepers are the true fountains of political wisdom, that we can neither believe them to be our sole remaining safeguard against republicanism nor feel the strange reverence which Sir BULWER LYTTON declares is glowing in his astonished breast. The predominant sentiment was certainly in favour of some change in our representative system, and if the future course of the Ministry is such as to afford any possibility of reconciliation, many of those who voted against Government last Saturday will be glad to act once more with their party. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his statement last Monday, described the result of the division by saying that one half the House was willing to vote for the Franchise Bill provided that, immediately after doing so, it had the remainder of the scheme of Reform submitted to it, while the other half of the House wished to have this scheme submitted to it before it sanctioned the Bill for reducing the franchise. In one sense, this is a true account of the division. But it would be quite as true an account to say that there was a large body of Conservatives opposed to all Reform, except of a very trivial and mitigated kind, and that there was a body of Liberals about equally large who were prepared to support the Government in any scheme of Reform it might propose, while between these two masses there was a small body of moderate and cautious politicians who could turn the scale either way, and who were determined not to say a Bill suited them unless they honestly liked it; and it was because this section of the House was either offended or frightened that the Ministry was placed in so humiliating a position on the division. Most of the men, however, who thus followed their own conscientious convictions have no real hostility either to the Ministry or to Reform, have no desire to belong to or to found a new party, and are perfectly ready to act with a Liberal Ministry if it will but convince and respect them, and not try to dictate to them and overawe them.

There is, however, one bad result of what has taken place this Session with regard to Reform, which we cannot overlook. Mr. GLADSTONE has shown himself ill-qualified for the leadership of the House and for the leadership of his party. As leader of the House he ought to have resented the terms in which Mr. BRIGHT has publicly spoken of the present and preceding Parliaments. He has not been sufficiently jealous of the honour of the great body of which he is the head. It is quite proper that he should treat Mr. BRIGHT with respect, and try to ascertain and understand the views of a politician who represents the extreme section of the party which Mr. GLADSTONE leads; but he has made a mistake in allowing a man whom he consults and acts with to vilify unreprieved the House of Commons, in which both he and Mr. GLADSTONE play so conspicuous a part. Nor has Mr. GLADSTONE shown any skill in managing his own party. He has paid no regard to their obvious wishes, and has nearly lost office in order that he may establish and use his power. At the beginning of the Session he was almost too yielding and accommodating, but directly his passions were seriously moved he sacrificed

everything to the excessive anxiety to triumph and show himself triumphant over all opposition. It is to be hoped that he has been made wiser by what has happened, and that he will henceforth have more indulgence for those who differ from him. For the moment he has a position of some advantage, and he may be able to reconquer the ground he has lost. If a Reform Bill is to be carried, and the House and the country are to be relieved of the weight of uncertainty that now oppresses them, there must be displayed a general disposition to bury the memory of past offences. It will be idle to think of passing a comprehensive measure this Session, or any other Session, unless the shortcomings of Government are in some degree overlooked, and a quarrel is avoided if it is possible to avoid it. So far as can be seen, the majority of those who separated themselves from the Government last Saturday are willing and even anxious to let bygones be bygones, and to join in passing a moderate measure. Nor is there any great reason to dread a very violent opposition from the leading Conservatives, if they can but see their way to securing fair terms for themselves and their party in any Reform Bill that they may virtually help to carry. It is impossible to believe that henceforth things will run quite smoothly, that all irritation against the Government will die away, and that no future causes of complaint will be given. But the approbation of the nation will be reserved for those who, at such a time, show themselves above petty malice and paltry suspicion, and who are content to aid in a work substantially good rather than insist on their views, however justifiable, being carried out. Parliament and the country have acquiesced in the decision of the Ministry to go on, and to look on the division as a guide to their future conduct, and not as an interdiction on them forbidding them to govern and to propose what they think best. Those who have sanctioned such a course must accept the responsibility of their sanction, and must be ready to criticize Government in an impartial but not an unfriendly spirit. Too much fault-finding is a mistake now, and all moderate men should unite to make the passing of a Reform Bill possible, provided only that the scheme of the Government, when it is revealed, is not found to be so wild and outrageous as to make any honest support of it an impossibility.

THE BUDGET.

THE Financial Statement of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was scarcely less remarkable from the circumstances under which it was delivered than from the matter it contained. Passing by the minor, and in some instances trivial, operations by which, according to his wont, Mr. GLADSTONE precluded and contrasted his substantial proposals, the essence of the financial policy of the Government may be stated in a few words. At a moment when Europe seems to be on the eve of a great war, and when a commercial crisis is threatening our own industry, when almost every other country in the world is adding to its debt at a rate hitherto unprecedented, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is able to come down to the House of Commons to dilate upon the duty which we owe to our grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and to initiate a scheme for the payment of the National Debt which differs in no essential point from the famous sinking fund which PITT established on a now exploded fallacy. In justice to Mr. GLADSTONE it should be said (if it is necessary to say it) that, while he adopts the policy of PITT, he does not reproduce the delusions upon which it rested. Mr. GLADSTONE's sinking fund is defended on grounds wholly independent of the idle dream that a State may make a profit by juggling with itself, and that a debt of 800,000,000*l.* may be cancelled by a much smaller outlay. The world has now arrived at the obvious conclusion that a pound of debt can only be got rid of by a pound of payment. Mr. GLADSTONE was quite right in saying that, in his financial project for the year, he was introducing a subject of the deepest interest and the gravest importance, and he may rest assured that the policy which he has announced will require and receive an amount of discussion far more searching than the reasoning which he bestowed upon it in his speech. His own consciousness of the vast importance of his proposal was indicated much more by the careful rhetorical art with which it was introduced than by any exhaustive treatment of the subject itself. After preparing the minds of his hearers by an exordium of more than Gladstonian mystery, he kept curiosity in suspense for more than an hour while he dilated on the national importance of untaxed pepper and the reduction of the omnibus duty to $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per mile. To these and other minute modifications in our fiscal system which garnished the Budget

speech no rational objection can be taken, except that some of them might have gone further. The alterations in the duties on timber and bottled wine had been long since determined on, and the post-horse and carriage duties are almost universally admitted to have a good claim for reduction, or rather for abolition. As for pepper, notwithstanding the laughter which consumed the House at the first solemn mention of the condiment, no one will murmur at a sacrifice of some 100,000*l.* a year to reduce the price of an ingredient in cookery which is said to be retailed at exactly eight times its cost in bond. Altogether the half-million which Mr. GLADSTONE devotes to remission of taxation is fairly enough apportioned, and will attract no criticism except from the insignificance of the amount. The petty character of these proposals had, however, a special rhetorical meaning, and served to point the great thesis of the speech, that the period of fiscal revision which we have passed through with such brilliant results is drawing to a close, and that we have now entered upon a new age, in which our chief duty is, and our leading policy should be, to see to the reduction of our National Debt. The first question which Mr. GLADSTONE's arguments provoke is, whether this sweeping assertion is as obvious as he assumed it to be; the second, whether the sinking-fund machinery which he proposes to restore is the best method for carrying his policy into effect; and notwithstanding an elaborate affectation of distinguishing them, Mr. GLADSTONE contrived to mix up these two questions in a manner which was far from conducive to a fair judgment on a matter the gravity of which will be appreciated by all thinking men as fully as by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER himself.

Let us take, then, the first question by itself. Is it wise or right at the present time to commence a new and vigorous effort for the liquidation of our debt? What Mr. GLADSTONE says upon this subject is little more than an effective reproduction of Mr. MILL's speech on the Malt Duties. Mr. GLADSTONE tells us that the commercial supremacy of England is based entirely on coal; that we are first among nations because coal is cheaper, and therefore more accessible with us than elsewhere. He tells us that, according to the present law of consumption, all our available coal will be exhausted in two or, at the most, three generations, and he does not disguise his expectation that when that time arrives, and Newcastle is undersold by the American coal fields, the lead which we have hitherto taken will pass from us to our brethren across the Atlantic. Then profits and interest and rents will decline, and commercial people and floating capital will migrate to the place where coal is cheapest, and the land alone will be left to bear the burden of a national mortgage which, in the days of our exuberant prosperity, we never had the courage or the honesty to pay off. Mr. GLADSTONE tells us also that he discerns throughout the world an increasing tendency to rely on loans for ordinary expenditure, even in time of peace. Borrowing is the vice of the age. The American debt of 600,000,000*l.* contracted in four years is as exceptional as the war which occasioned it; but in Europe the ordinary increase in indebtedness in half a dozen of the leading States is 60,000,000*l.* a year, and this in the midst of peace. The present aggregate amount of European debt is put at 1,500,000,000*l.* sterling, and by the end of the century, if the same rate of increase is continued, it will rise (without any special allowance for the contingency of a prolonged war) to the enormous total of 4,000,000,000*l.* By the side of these figures our own shortcomings seem quite venial. Since the peace of 1815 we have paid off 100,000,000*l.*; but then almost the whole period has been one of profound peace, and it must be remembered that one year of war about neutralizes the operations of ten years of peace. Under these circumstances we ought, in the opinion of Mr. GLADSTONE, to do much more than we have yet attempted in the repayment of debt; and he does not disguise his opinion that the measure which he now proposes is only the prelude to much larger operations whenever a favourable opportunity may present itself.

We will not, at present at any rate, question any of Mr. GLADSTONE's facts or forecasts. Let it be assumed that our coal is to be exhausted as early as Mr. JEVONS supposes, and that the loss of cheap coal will involve that decline of commerce, profits, wages, and rent, which Mr. GLADSTONE is not alone in apprehending. Let it further be acknowledged that, in this matter of repayment of debt, we are bound to look only to the interests of our grandchildren, and to submit to any sacrifice in our own generation for the sake of transmitting our inheritance undiminished. The most fanatical opponent of funded debts could not ask for larger concessions than these, and yet, when we have made them, it remains a very open

question how far we ought to go in the payment of debt. In the first place, the great coal argument may, with all deference to Mr. MILL and his distinguished pupil, be put aside altogether. If paying off debt is not the best thing we can do for posterity, the fact that posterity may find itself in difficulties is so much the stronger reason why we should do the very best we can for it, and whether that would do or would not be the cancelling of debt is a question which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MILL altogether evade. So, again, the vast progress and enormous profits of modern trade, especially in England, may be admitted without furnishing any argument in favour of a sinking fund. It is true that, when we are prospering, we are able to pay off debt, but it does not follow that those who come after us will benefit by an operation which withdraws our money from a good to a bad investment.

When the argument for a sinking-fund policy is stated as boldly as Mr. GLADSTONE has put it, the arithmetical answer to it is absolutely overwhelming. As long as a man is making 10 per cent. of all the capital he can secure, the more he borrows at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. the richer he grows, and the larger will be the balance coming to his children after paying off every farthing of the accumulated debt. When a banker talks of doing a large and thriving business, what he means is that he is getting more and more into debt; and what is true of a banker is pre-eminently true of a nation, that it is better for posterity that we should allow our wealth to fructify in our own pockets at six, eight, ten per cent., or whatever the rate of profit may be, than to employ it in paying off a loan which carries only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This, which is the favourite argument of the arithmetical school of politicians, would completely crush Mr. GLADSTONE and his sinking fund, if it really stated the whole case. That those who urge it most eagerly do not wholly trust it, is manifest from the fact that no one ventures to press it to its legitimate conclusion. If to pay off debt involves an absolute loss, not only to us but to posterity, it necessarily follows that, as long as the rates of interest and profit remain about the same, the increase of our debt would be a positive gain to those who are to come after us. For example, say we have to spend 24,000,000*l.* on our Army and Navy. If, instead of raising that money by taxes, we borrowed it at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and left an equivalent sum to fructify in the pockets of the people at 10 per cent., posterity would no doubt be saddled with the 24,000,000*l.* of extra debt, but it would inherit a great deal more than 24,000,000*l.* of extra accumulated capital, and would be the gainer by the difference, whatever it might be. But the arithmetical gentlemen who refute Mr. GLADSTONE so glibly never propose anything so wild as the regular payment of ordinary expenses by means of loans instead of taxes—an indication that they feel their answer to be in its way not less a fallacy than the assumption of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, that, by paying off a certain amount of debt, we must of necessity benefit and not injure our posterity. The truth is, that the policy of paying or not paying off our debt turns more upon moral and social than upon mere arithmetical arguments. Granting that every man can make his 10 per cent. of money which, if taken from him in taxation, would only save the nation $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., it does not follow that the whole of that 10 per cent. will be transmitted to posterity. The more profits grow, the faster will private expenditure increase, and the habit of borrowing on the slightest pretext has a great tendency to foster national extravagance. The real argument in favour of some sacrifice towards payment of the National Debt is not that it is the most productive mode of employing our money, but that it is that mode which gives the healthiest moral tone to public and private life, and may save to the next generation wealth which no doubt might have been accumulated still faster, but which, under a lax system, might as probably have been squandered in the mass by wars and other national extravagances, or frittered away in detail by a luxurious society. If this is the true justification for paying off debt at all, it is obvious that the extent and manner of the operation should be limited by the same considerations; and while we should tremble for a nation which absolutely rejected the wholesome discipline of an occasional repayment of debt, we are by no means satisfied that the machinery of Mr. GLADSTONE's sinking fund, which would throw the burden equally upon years of prosperity and trouble, of war and peace, and would even continue the operation with one hand while we might be borrowing with the other, is the right way of giving effect to

his policy. This part of the subject needs a fuller discussion than the close of an article will allow, and we hope to recur to it on a future occasion.

ITALY AND AUSTRIA.

THE possible war between Italy and Austria forms a curious appendix or corollary to the original German quarrel. In both cases, threatening demonstrations are alleged by both parties in justification of their respective armaments. The real causes of hostility are not publicly avowed, and therefore a disclaimer on either side of offensive purposes ought, in consistency, to avert a rupture. The dispute between Austria and Prussia, like the more recent controversy, was perhaps principally caused by feelings of reciprocal aversion; but the aggressor had material advantages to gain in the acquisition of Schleswig and Holstein, while it is highly improbable that the Italians should, unaided, conquer the Venetian provinces. In the South as in the North, peace would seem to be the interest of Austria, even if there were not a strong probability that a war with either enemy would bring the other into the field. The policy of the Court of Vienna has often been unintelligible, for it is impossible to account by any plausible theory for the results of impulse and caprice. It is indeed said that the ostentatious preparations of Austria for war were intended, not to intimidate a foreign enemy, but to furnish an excuse for a new issue of paper money; but the disproportion of the supposed means to the end to be accomplished must have been evident to financiers as well as to statesmen. It is probably safer to assume that an army has assembled in Venetia because the EMPEROR is irritated or alarmed. There may have been sufficient occasion for resentment, but there was no need of precautions against an Italian invasion. It may be admitted that the Government of Florence would have instantly profited by the opportunity of a war between Austria and Prussia, but no serious armaments were commenced in Lombardy until the assemblage of troops in the Quadrilateral supplied a pretext or reason for military preparations. It is possible that Italy, notwithstanding the assurances which have been given to the French Government, may ultimately accept the imprudent challenge; and Count BISMARCK has already taken measures to repair the check which his warlike policy has experienced through the scruples and vacillation of the KING. The chances are, on the whole, still in favour of peace; but although the Italian Cabinet has formally assured France of its pacific intentions, there is always a risk that the party of action may obtain a temporary influence over the Government and the Parliament. The Emperor of the FRENCH, who probably has the power of deciding between peace and war, still keeps his intentions ambiguous and uncertain. The *Moniteur* is silent; and M. ROCHER and the semi-official journals are instructed to reassure the country by the use of phrases which only convey an impression that it is thought for the present advisable to leave all parties in doubt.

It is surprising that any reflecting Italian should desire a single-handed war with a superior Power. The reasons which are urged in support of such an enterprise are obviously insufficient. Some apologists profess to defend a dangerous and costly undertaking on the paradoxical pretext that the Austrian position on the north-east of the Peninsula is a constant source of expense, as well as of danger. It is admitted that, during the Emperor NAPOLEON's life, there will be no attempt to recover the conquests of 1859, or to restore the fugitive princes who are supposed to exercise a selfish and pernicious influence over the Austrian councils; but it is said that, on the death of the only Frenchman who is sincerely attached to the cause of Italy, the Austrian army would break from its girdle of fortresses, and compel the Italians to fight once more for their hard-won liberty and independence. It is obvious, however, that, if such a contingency occurred, it would be easier to repel an invading enemy than to take the Quadrilateral. Whatever other reasons may exist for the maintenance by Italy of a great army, the pressure of Austria in the Venetian provinces involves no necessity for daily vigilance. The argument of economy is, in truth, used only, as it is often employed in private life, to parry an anticipated charge of extravagance. As a man sets up a carriage of his own because cabs are expensive, a nation sometimes proposes to conquer, at enormous cost, exemption from the necessity of a moderate outlay. The millions which must be spent in a three months' campaign against Austria would suffice to cover for twenty years a wide margin in the peace

establishment. It might be worth while to incur the sacrifice if success were certain, or even probable; but it is no imputation on Italian valour to believe that it would be hopeless to expel, from an almost impregnable position, an Austrian garrison probably superior in numbers to the besieging army. A diversion might perhaps be effected by naval expeditions on the eastern coast of the Adriatic; but the Italians could not spare a sufficient land force to make any permanent impression in Dalmatia, and the Austrians might safely disregard desultory movements.

The diplomatic circular lately issued by the Italian Government appeared to indicate warlike intentions; but after the armistice which has been established, notwithstanding so many mutual threats, between Austria and Prussia, it seems prudent to believe in the maintenance of peace until actual hostilities have occurred, especially as Italy has explicitly assured the French EMPEROR that her views are pacific. There is a third quarter in which Austria may find occasion for military precautions, and perhaps it is the most dangerous of all. The professed fears of the Italians might be appeased by an assurance that it was necessary to watch the suspicious concentration of Russian troops on the Galician frontier. A portion of Austrian Poland is inhabited by a population which is akin in race and language to the neighbouring Ruthenians of the Russian provinces. Slavonic tribes are perhaps less tenacious of delicate attachment to their national subdivisions than the Western pamphleteers who defend their rights; but the Ruthenians of Galicia belong, unluckily, to the Greek communion, and their priests may possibly be instruments of the orthodox CZAR. The Hungarian controversy is still unsettled; the finances of Austria are deeply embarrassed; and every consideration which ought to influence an Austrian statesman inclines in favour of peace; yet it is not to be inferred that Italy could assail with impunity a Power which still possesses one of the best armies in Europe. In concert with Prussia, the Italian Government might reasonably hope for some considerable success; but it is not impossible that Count BISMARCK might attain his object at the expense of Italy, by extorting the concessions which he requires as the alternative of Prussian participation in the war. It is not for the purpose of adding the Baltic provinces to the Prussian dominions that General LA MARMORA and his colleagues are collecting an army on the Lombard frontier, and it is certain that Prussia is equally free from imprudent and quixotic disinterestedness. According to one remarkable rumour, the Italian Government has recently refused to enter into negotiations with Austria for the cession of Venetia. The story is only important as it illustrates the inexpediency of believing in any of the numerous reports in circulation. No terms which could be suggested, unless they included a surrender of territory elsewhere, could be regarded as an excessive price for the peaceable acquisition of Venice.

With the partial intermission of military demonstrations in Germany, diplomatic hostilities have increased in activity and virulence. Count BISMARCK is pressing his singular project of a Federal Reform and of a German Parliament to be elected by universal suffrage. The functions of the new Assembly are probably not intended to be comprehensive; but there can be no doubt that one of the objects of the plan is to obtain a popular vote for the establishment of Prussian supremacy in the North, and perhaps for the annexation of Schleswig and Holstein. The Diet is not informed of the legislative measures which are to be proposed under the reformed Constitution, but it is understood that the forces of the Confederacy are to be divided into three principal contingents, to be commanded respectively by Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria. The minor Governments which habitually rely on Austrian protection will probably prevent the adoption of the Prussian scheme; nor is it unlikely that Count BISMARCK may have foreseen the failure of his plan, and that he may have propounded it only for the purpose of substituting in its place some further alternative. In the meantime Austria is equally active in an attempt once more to settle the Schleswig-Holstein question by negotiation. It is strange that the Government of Vienna should think it worth while at this stage of the dispute to revive the almost forgotten claims of the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG. It is absurd to suppose that the pretensions of Prussia will be tamely abandoned, or that the Diet will be allowed to arbitrate in a dispute which the Prussian Minister has repeatedly defined as concerning only the two conquering Powers. When four or five Governments are engaged either in wanton contests or in abetting the quarrels of others, it is hopeless to attempt to understand the tendency of events. It is fortunate that England has no motive and no excuse for interfering in

the unintelligible complications which disturb the Continent. If war, after all, breaks out, it will be difficult to decide whether Austria, Prussia, or Italy will have the least claim to the sympathy of bystanders.

THE MINISTERIAL PROPOSAL.

THE Ministry has acted as it ought to have done, and as every sensible man wished it to do. It has not left office, it has not abandoned Reform. It merely owns that a division in which its majority was so very small has forced it to alter its method of procedure. It will do henceforth as the House wishes it to do. A Bill for redistribution is to be brought in immediately, and so are Bills for the reform of the representation of Ireland and Scotland. Ample time is to be given to the House to examine these Bills and to see how it likes them. The Government will then try to ascertain the general feeling, and will go on as may be thought most agreeable. That is to say, in the middle of May the House will be put exactly in the position in which it ought to have been put in the middle of February; and this is the consequence of what the more audacious members of the Cabinet agreed to call an adroit manœuvre for going on very fast, and getting a Reform Bill passed almost before any one knew it had been proposed. Mr. GLADSTONE, too, has quite altered his tone. He says nothing now of Rubicons and boats, and standing or falling. The House is to know the whole of his mind before it goes further; and if it does not think as he does, he will not be too obstinate in adhering to his views. As yet, the only thing that has been done is to read the second time a Bill for reducing the franchise; and the franchise is to be reduced, but if Parliament likes any figures better than seven and fourteen, it can substitute them. And, if there were but time sufficient, the present opportunity of settling the whole matter would be an excellent one. Everything said and done in the House and out of it for the last few weeks strengthens the conviction that there is a general wish to have a Reform Bill for its own sake, and also to have it because, until it is had, all other serious legislation is impossible. But the Bill, to pass, must be a moderate one, and no one is so likely to make its passing impossible as Mr. BRIGHT. Terrible as he is as an enemy, he is much more terrible as a friend; and he could scarcely have done the Ministry a greater disservice than by turning up suddenly at Manchester, and thundering out threats of a dissolution in case the present Parliament declines to pass the sort of Bill he would fancy. Not that a dissolution would do any good. It is evident that the country will put no pressure on either House to make it pass a violent and ill-considered measure. If a proper Reform Bill is to be passed this Session, the first thing requisite is that there should be fourteen days in a week; and the next thing requisite is that the Bill should not be too distasteful to the Conservatives, and that it should not seem to convey an open challenge to the House of Lords. All that can be said in favour of the likelihood of the Bill passing is, that the House is evidently anxious to approve of a scheme of Reform, if it can but find one to approve of; and that, as it has spent a month or more in considering the great difficulties attending on a reduction of the franchise, it is now ready to consider in a placid and equable spirit the difficulties that attend on the carrying out of the other branches of Reform.

Undoubtedly, the redistribution of seats is, as Mr. DISRAELI observed, a part of the general scheme of Reform which requires, in those who deal with it, great powers of statesmanship, a love of justice above party, a width of general view, and a grasp of many complicated details, if it is to satisfy the country and deal fairly by the many conflicting interests which it will affect. It will be impossible to do absolute and theoretical justice to everybody, and we must be content if the arrangement proposed is one, in the main, adequate and equitable. Still there are a few leading principles on which it must be based, and by its conformity to which it may be tested. In the first place, the country must be relieved from the scandal of very small and very corrupt boroughs; and when this is being done, the axe must be laid to the root of little Whig boroughs quite as freely as to the root of little Tory boroughs. In the next place, the right of returning a second member must be taken away from several inconsiderable boroughs which may still be thought entitled to return one member. These positions are simple enough, and no one would contest them in principle. The only question will be how far they shall be applied; and the extent of their application which Parliament is likely to sanction will depend on the mode in which the seats gained are re-allotted. If the seats are to be given away fairly, there will be a disposition to allow many to be taken away; if they are not to

be given away fairly, the fight will be very hot to secure as few being taken away as possible. And it may be laid down that, by this giving away fairly, is meant that they shall be given away on three distinct principles. First, a portion, though not a very considerable portion, ought to be given to groups of boroughs. The reason is, because the smaller towns in the English counties have a distinct life, a distinct set of interests, a distinct type of inhabitant of their own, which is sufficiently important and sufficiently marked to deserve to have a distinct place in the representative system. It is true that many of the inhabitants of such towns will gain county votes if the county franchise is reduced to 141; but then they will only be able, in counties, to tinge the general opinions of a very large body of voters, whereas in boroughs grouped together they could secure that their own special opinions and interests were represented. It is not, however, to be desired that the number of these groups of boroughs should be too great, for, as many boroughs of the same kind will still be left, returning each a member, this class of electors will be sure to have a tolerably adequate share in the representation. And it is to be remarked that there are two dangers in creating these groups which it is necessary to take into account. In the first place, they are almost always under the influence of local magnates, and although these may not always be of the same side in politics, it is not desirable to multiply constituencies in which strangers have absolutely no chance; and, in the second place, it is obvious that in many counties, according as the towns are thrown into groups of boroughs or merged in the counties, the county representatives will be Whig or Tory. Supposing, for example—to take an instance not likely to arise practically, and therefore free from controversy—it were a question whether to give four members to Hertfordshire, or to let the county retain its three members and create a group of small towns into a borough. The result would probably be that, in the first case, the Liberals would return two, or perhaps three, of the county members; while in the second case, the Tories would return all the county members, and the Liberals only the borough member. It is not desirable, therefore, that there should be too many cases in which, however honourable the intentions of the Government may be, it would be suspected that it had a secret party design in the arrangement it proposed. Then, again, a portion of the seats taken away must be given to large towns in the North, because, owing to the course of English trade and manufactures, these are the places where at present there is the greatest amount of political life and political capability, without having an adequate share in the representation. Lastly, there ought to be a large number of the disposable seats allotted to the counties. The claim of the counties cannot possibly be resisted if regard is had to the usual considerations of proportionate population and wealth; and the real objection which is felt to an increase of the number of county members is, that the persons who are most eager for Reform are persons who do not like county members, and are very jealous of the influence of landed proprietors. But in answer to this it may be urged—even if we do not contest the main assumption, and insist that the influence of landowners is a very good thing—that no scheme which did not allow the influence of landholders to remain would have the remotest chance of passing either House, and that, when the county franchise is reduced, the county members will be in a new position. They will still be large local landowners, and the majority of them will still, in all probability, be Tories, but the constituencies they represent will have been changed by the addition of voters living in the small non-Parliamentary towns; and the power of these town voters will generally be strong enough to prevent the county members from attending solely to agricultural interests, and from exhibiting the prejudices and passions of landowners in any very offensive form.

The proper adjustment of boundaries is also a matter of great difficulty in detail, but even the settlement of details will be greatly simplified if once the principle on which boundaries are to be traced is rightly established. And the true principle is, we think, that borough voters should be kept to themselves as much as possible, and that the bounds of a borough should be enlarged so as to include all persons residing within such a distance of it as to make it the centre of their daily life. That is, boroughs should be enlarged so as to include all who would be popularly said to be living in such or such a town or in its suburbs and dependencies, and the voters so massed together should have nothing to do with the counties. They have their borough, and that is quite enough for them. The less residents

in Parliamentary boroughs have to do with counties the better. That the inhabitants of small towns should have some share in the county representation is a very good thing, for it may introduce into the electoral body of the counties an element of which it is greatly in need. The extent to which it will do this must not be overrated, for of course the shopkeepers in country towns are largely dependent on the gentry and farmers of their vicinity, and among country shopkeepers, as among persons higher up in the world, it is often thought genteel to be a Conservative. Still there are shopkeepers and shopkeepers, and if some of them go with the squires who patronize them, others will go against the squires who do not patronize them. This is a kind of opposition which it is all very fair that the landowners should encounter, for the whole set of voters will be, in the main, a country population as compared with voters belonging to large represented towns. On the other hand, it would be a very unfair change in the system of county representation to swamp counties with the votes of persons who are properly within the boundaries of boroughs, who have all their interests centred in a borough town, and whose minds are imbued with the thoughts and opinions by which the borough is characterized.

The Irish and Scotch Reform Bills ought to give little difficulty. No one can pretend to say why Ireland should have any Reform Bill, were it not thought complimentary that, whenever England and Scotland have anything, Ireland should have it too, whatever it may be. If some means could be devised to make Sir HUGH CAIRNS' constituents behave a little less like raving barbarians at election times, the chief want of Ireland in the way of Reform would be satisfied, although, if a Government is looking about for something to reform, there are undoubtedly some absurd little Irish boroughs that might invite annihilation. Nor would the Scotch Bill be very hard to frame were it not for one great difficulty. The franchise might probably be reduced in Scotland without doing any great harm or good, for Scotchmen of a humble class have votes already, and the Scotch poor are so superior to the English poor that there is less danger in giving them political power. But Scotland deserves on every ground to have more members, and how is it to have more members? There is only one way in which the just claims of Scotland can be satisfied. The House must be enlarged. We are aware that there is a strong prejudice against adding to the numbers of the House; and certainly if the Ministry of the day could create new boroughs as it wanted them, just as it can create Peers, a very dangerous element would be introduced into the struggle of parties. But it is very different when the increase is part of a great and comprehensive scheme, such as cannot be made more than once in a generation. The increase need not be very great. A few more members would satisfy Scotland; two or three perhaps in the counties, and half a dozen in the large towns; but even so small a number cannot possibly be obtained unless the House is enlarged. There is no Scotch constituency that could be disfranchised. There is no bribery in Scotland, and as the electors generally exhaust their powers of drinking on the preceding Sabbath, there is not much drunkenness or riot on election day. Therefore, if the populous places of Scotland are to have new members, they cannot get them by a mere redistribution of Scotch seats. Most certainly England will not give up a single English seat to Scotland, and the Irish would go wild if there was a talk of diminishing the number of Irish members. There is, therefore, no way of doing justice to Scotland except by adding a few more members to the House, and if there are any inconveniences in doing this, they are outweighed largely by the indisputable advantages.

JAMAICA.

THE Report of the Jamaica Commissioners will soon be laid before Parliament, and it will probably put an end to all serious differences of opinion as to the transactions of last autumn. With respect to the general conduct of all parties there is already little to learn. That GORDON was a mischievous and malignant demagogue, and that he was executed without sufficient proof of actual crime; that BOGLE and a few obscure negroes had planned the outrage which they afterwards perpetrated; that the GOVERNOR and the greater part of his civil and military subordinates were frightened, angry, violent, and illogical, was long ago conjectured on sufficient grounds; and the conclusion is not likely to be disproved by the official Report. It is fortunate that an inevitable delay of some months has given time for exaggeration and passion to subside. The account of the Jamaica disturbances arrived at the stagnant season, and for a time the subject, not unnaturally,

superseded all domestic and foreign interests. The House of Commons and the country will now be able to consider the Report in a judicial spirit, and zealous partisans on either side will abstain from repeating their original mistakes and extravagances. The religious or sectarian portion of the controversy has happily been eliminated in the course of the inquiry. The principal residents of Jamaica still adhere to the opinion that the meetings which followed the publication of Dr. UNDERHILL's letter tended to unsettle the minds of the negroes, and may possibly have been connected with the Morant Bay outbreak; but the letter to Mr. CARDWELL might have been written by the most secular of laymen, and the grievances about wages, back-lands, and taxes bore no ecclesiastical impress. A few native Baptist preachers were accused or suspected of complicity; the chapels were sometimes used for seditious meetings; and the ringleaders interlarded their confused declamation with the phrases of their popular theology. If, however, the black population of St. Thomas's had been engaged in the most harmless or laudable occupations, the same connection might probably have been observed between matters which more sophisticated communities distinguish as respectively sacred and profane. To the childish and susceptible black of the West Indies, as to the European of the middle ages, the church or the conventicle is the centre and the theatre of amusement, of excitement, and of public opinion. Rebellion and loyalty find equally appropriate expression in travesties of Scriptural language, and, when there is nothing better to do, an oath or a prayer furnishes occupation for vacant moments. PAUL BOGLE compelled some of his followers to swear that they would tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, when there was a question, not of truth or of falsehood, but of rescuing a prisoner who was about to be tried at Morant Bay Court House. A Maroon who boasted of his activity in suppressing the rebellion described himself as kneeling down in front of a band of rioters, and endeavouring to divert them from their purpose by a pious adjuration. The Baptist missionaries are scarcely answerable for the eccentricities of their followers, nor is there the smallest reason to suppose that the insurgents would have been restrained either by their ancestral Paganism or by a total want of religious teaching. The one-sided determination of Exeter Hall to adopt the cause of its black disciples only furnishes a reason for listening with caution to sectarian witnesses. It is absurd to say that murder and arson form articles in the creed of Protestant Dissent. The clergy, as represented by the Bishop of KINGSTON, seem to have taken the opposite side in the dispute, not through any connection between the liturgy and drumhead Courts-martial, but because the higher classes in Jamaica, as in all English-speaking countries, adhere to the national Church. The recent conflict was one of races rather than of principles, and, as in more serious struggles, the members of the hostile bodies followed without inquiry their accustomed standards. If there was any functionary whom GORDON hated more cordially than a Governor or a Custos, it was the rector who had successfully resisted the intrusion of a Nonconformist churchwarden. The attempts of hasty English journalists to denounce the ministers of obnoxious communions were not renewed before the Royal Commissioners. Orthodoxy and heterodoxy have not in any degree mitigated their reciprocal animosities; but Parliament and the country will not be asked to engage in any theological dispute.

As Sir HENRY STOKES retained his appointment as Governor of Malta, it was evident that the SECRETARY for the COLONIES had suspended, until the arrival of the Commissioners' Report, his decision on the continuance of Mr. EYRE in office. Even if the GOVERNOR had been acquitted of indiscretion as well as of excessive severity, it would have been highly inexpedient to retain an officer who had been so deeply concerned in the late painful transactions. In some other colony where there are no rebels to shoot, Mr. EYRE's qualities might possibly be useful; but in Jamaica his only friends are those whom he acquired by his alleged vigour in suppressing and punishing the disturbance. Before last autumn Mr. EYRE was universally unpopular, though it is doubtful whether his faults or his virtues may have been the more disliked. Since October, he has been identified with the party which has been deprived by its own act, amid general applause, of supreme power in the island. The Government by prerogative, which is to be substituted for the effete Constitution, is principally recommended by its supposed impartiality. The representative of Imperial authority ought to stand entirely aloof from local squabbles, and it would be better that he should come straight from England. The most prudent colonists object to that part of the new Act

which applies to Jamaica the more liberal provisions of the Constitution of Trinidad. It is thought that a local Council will embarrass the administration of affairs; and it is more certain that a Governor who was regarded as a partisan would have incurred the suspicions which were justly directed against the late Assembly. The mischievous consequences which were foretold as necessary results of the recall of Mr. EYRE are no longer to be apprehended; for the appointment of the Commission, and the provisional suspension of the GOVERNOR from office, have already produced all the effect of which such measures were capable in the encouragement of unfounded hopes and aspirations. The ignorant part of the population may possibly have believed that Sir H. STOKES and his colleagues were despatched by the QUEEN to avenge the death of GORDON; but by this time it is fully understood that the Commissioners came to inquire, and the temporary GOVERNOR to enforce obedience to the law. The successor of Sir H. STOKES will, for a time at least, receive credit for a disinterested and enlightened desire to benefit the entire population. If Mr. EYRE possessed all the attributes in which he seems to be exceptionally deficient, he would be the worst possible Governor under an entirely new system. Mr. RAWSON, who is said to have received the appointment, has the advantage, or disadvantage, of being entirely unknown, both in England and in Jamaica.

The enemies of representative government may boast that it has failed in a colony to which it was extraordinarily inapplicable. The legislation of the Assembly was supposed to be tyrannical when it was perhaps only corrupt. The GOVERNOR, while he contended almost hopelessly with colonial intrigues, shared in the unpopularity of the local oligarchy, and in a crisis he almost necessarily took the part of the minority. It was undesirable that fourteen or fifteen thousand white residents should govern thirty times their number of negroes; and if the relation had been reversed, the results would have been still more disastrous. A strong and dispassionate authority furnishes the only chance of restored prosperity for Jamaica. Unfortunately there is but little reason for sanguine hopes of improvement, even under the most able ruler. Some things, however, may be done which would have been impracticable under the defunct Constitution. It will be possible to try the experiment whether the character of the negro can be elevated by a general and compulsory system of education. Reading and writing will not of themselves render either black or white men industrious and honest; but the acquirement of the simplest literary accomplishments has a tendency to elevate the character, and it will either deprive the native preachers of their influence, or compel them to share the progress of their congregations. The tenure of land requires readjustment, although it is perhaps not desirable that additional facilities should be afforded for the creation of petty freeholds. An able Governor might perhaps confer benefits on all classes by promoting a judicious system of immigration. Even if the Assembly had been capable of wise and vigorous legislation, the black peasantry would have resented the payment of taxes to be imposed in part upon themselves for the purpose of importing competitors with themselves; but the representative of the English Crown may disregard clamour and misapprehension. It is impossible that it should be advantageous to Jamaica that the staple industry of the island should languish for want of a regular supply of labour. If the sugar plantations were once more profitable and productive, the negroes, even if they were still disinclined to work, would share in the general diffusion of wealth, and would profit by the demand for provisions and similar produce. It will not henceforth be necessary to inquire whether any contemplated measure is directly advantageous to either section of the community. If sects or factions are dissatisfied, they will have to appeal to the distant Colonial Office; and, in the last resort, to a Parliament which will not readily oppose a judicious and resolute policy.

MR. DISRAELI.

THE Homeric contest between Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE on the last night of the debate ended as such contests usually end. Whatever the character and duration of the siege, whatever the fortunes of the Trojan horse (or as, after so much recent service, he may henceforward be called—the Trojan hack), whether the gods are on the side of Greece or Ilium, the Conservative HECTOR invariably manages to get his prostrate body dragged three times round the walls of Troy. A great portion of Mr. DISRAELI's speech was characterised by consummate ability. There is no member of the House of

Commons, now that Lord RUSSELL is gone, who is so thoroughly a master of the question of Reform. He knows twice as much about it as Mr. BRIGHT, and perhaps twenty times as much as Mr. GLADSTONE. But he spoils the whole effect of an ingenious and powerful argument by a ludicrous attack upon an old Union speech of his antagonist, and by a not very candid panegyric upon the foreign policy of Lord DERBY's party. Mr. DISRAELI upon the besetting sin of Parliamentary inconsistency is a most instructive and quaint spectacle. There is a story of a member of a Temperance deputation who was picked up drunk by a policeman, after the meeting was over, out of the public gutter. On being asked his business, he replied, with much presence of mind, that he was the "frightful example" whose duty it was to accompany the deputation. Considering that Mr. DISRAELI's political conversion from a follower to an assailant of O'CONNELL and of HUME was effected in the brief space of a single month, he might have spared his allusion to the youthful Tory sentimentalism of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. His imprudence gave Mr. GLADSTONE the opportunity of delivering a splendid piece of declamation on the subject of his own political career, which, like a similar outburst from Mr. BRIGHT upon the Monday previous, was lifted by the genius of the speaker out of the region of ordinary egotism. It seemed unintelligible to most present, and to none more so than to Mr. GLADSTONE himself, how so experienced a debater as the leader, "forsooth," of the Tory party, should commit so unnecessary a blunder. To those who reflect upon Mr. DISRAELI's idiosyncracies as a Tory captain, the phenomenon does not seem remarkable. Mr. DISRAELI does make blunders. He contributes to the counsels of his party a great knowledge of politics and a keen eye for combinations. No gentleman who sits upon the Opposition benches is more capable of forming a combination, or more incapable of being its backbone when it is formed. Provided no favourite bolts and no malcontent deserts, his plans are worthy of a general; but his own personal weight in the fight is less than that of a plain veteran like Mr. WALPOLE, or even a Boetian like Mr. HARDY. That in the American and Danish questions he displayed more cold and calculating prudence than the rank and file of his own party, and even than some of their most distinguished leaders, would have been readily admitted without his own protestations. Of course Mr. DISRAELI helps to prevent his friends from getting into scrapes. He is kept by the Conservative party for the purpose. And yet Mr. DISRAELI knows enough of the House of Commons to perceive that if he is, under one aspect, the strength of his own side, under another aspect he is their weakness. Parliament seldom feels so inclined to forgive the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER his faults of temper and his brilliant inconsistencies as when it hears him reminded of them by Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. GLADSTONE in the present Session has committed almost every tactical error that a strategist can commit. He has mismanaged the whole conduct of his campaign, and he especially mismanaged the Ministerial conduct of the debate. But Mr. GLADSTONE's shield never seems to ring truer than when it is struck by Mr. DISRAELI's spear, and every time Mr. DISRAELI provokes a personal comparison, he ensures himself a moral discomfiture.

It seems doubtful how the Conservative party, as at present organized, can ever be able to do either with Mr. DISRAELI or without him. *Nec possunt tecum vivere, nec sine te.* With the exception of Lord STANLEY, Lord CRANBORNE, and Sir HUGH CAIRNS, he is the sole Conservative debater who has delivered an intellectual speech upon Reform; and the sight of a Conservative Ministry under the honest auspices of General PEEL, and to the sound of Sir BULWER LYTTON's Æolian lyre, grappling heavily with the creation of a Reform Bill of their own, would avenge Mr. DISRAELI for his own exclusion from a select Tory Cabinet. If he were wanted for no other object, he would still be wanted to organize and chaperone his party. It is the ordinary lot of chaperones to be disliked by the impetuous and madcap bevy whose proceedings they are set to moderate; and Mr. DISRAELI is chiefly tolerated upon the ground that the Conservatives cannot go into public except under his eye. A Liberal-Conservative coalition might govern the nation without his help for the brief period that Coalitions usually last; but if the country gentlemen are to occupy the Treasury benches in force, Mr. DISRAELI will be wanted to sit by them. The difficulty is to devise a place suited at once to his capacities, and to their fastidious sense of his shortcomings. There is the House of Peers. But Mr. DISRAELI is possibly more ambitious of being a country gentleman in a county where so many acres have never been violated by the plough, than of being an Earl, and following Lord RUSSELL to the natural

cemetery of departed leaders of the Commons. There is the Paris Embassy, the hospitalities of which Lord COWLEY must be tired of dispensing. A younger man might not dislike to be banished into such splendid exile; but Mr. DISRAELI in Paris, like M. GUIZOT in London, would be a restless and homesick Ambassador. He would be sufficiently near Downing Street to embarrass his friends, without being near enough to help them, and before the year was out he would perhaps return, and return on his own terms. A few weeks would probably convince the Conservative ex-Chancellor that the excitement of transmitting Lord MALMESBURY's despatches, and of taking Lord MALMESBURY's orders, upon the state of the Continent was designed by Providence for meaner souls.

That he may have allowed his ambition to rest upon the Foreign Office is not unlikely. The present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will leave few financial laurels behind him for a successor to pluck; nor is it agreeable to feel oneself eternally confronted with the monuments of a rival's genius. Mr. DISRAELI's vindication of the peaceable propensities of his party was meant, not so much perhaps to prove that Conservatives have a horror of war, as that they might be safely trusted by the nation while the member for Buckinghamshire was Foreign Secretary. It is difficult to argue about the diplomatic prudence of a Cabinet like Lord DERBY's, which distinguishes itself chiefly by seldom being in office; but the shadow of the great European war of the beginning of the century still rests upon the popular fame of the party which Lord DERBY leads. It would be invidious, as well as idle, to discuss the question whether the great towns or the great rural districts of England are most likely to be affected by the consideration of the commercial blessings of peace. What the English public fears about a DERBY Government is not so much that it would plunge us into war, as that it might wish to plunge us into war upon the wrong side. If Mr. DISRAELI insists upon challenging criticism on the epistolary feats of Lord MALMESBURY, it may, however, be observed that on the eve of the Italian campaign Lord MALMESBURY's despatches were models of the true Foreign Office pedagogic style; and unkind critics pretend to be aware, in spite of the secrecy in which the event was shrouded, how within twenty-four hours of their advent to power after the Conspiracy Bill Debate, the DERBY Government managed to indite a despatch to Paris which was subsequently suppressed under threat of an instantaneous rupture. The credit which Mr. DISRAELI somewhat openly arrogates to himself, for having been through the Danish and American conflicts less warlike than his friends, is doubtless deserved. He has been praised for it by Mr. BRIGHT once, and his speech of last week showed that he was quite ready to be praised for it again. To the conduct of English foreign affairs he would bring both capacity and coolness; and he has this advantage over Lord RUSSELL, that he is capable of comprehending that Lord RUSSELL does occasionally go wrong. Yet at moments like the present, when the Continent is shaken by the rumours of European war, no Tory Foreign Minister, whatever his deserts, could long preserve the complete confidence of the public. Even Mr. DISRAELI would not escape suspicion. Nobody would feel sure what he was driving at. Before six weeks were over he would be understood to have a future map of Europe in his pocket, and to have arranged, in concert with NAPOLEON III., some splendid scheme for settling the POPE at Rome and Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE at Jerusalem. The one thing against his chance of success is that a clumsy British public is hardly fitted to admire or tolerate great strokes of genius at the Foreign Office. VIVIAN GREY intriguing with Emperors, and manipulating frontiers, and putting loose nationalities into their places, would be scarcely appreciated by an English House of Commons; though it is the sort of splendid business to which VIVIAN GREY might like in his maturer years to retire. He would at last have the proud opportunity of pitting himself against an Imperial statesman whose talents are not altogether dissimilar to his own. The boom of their rival despatches could not fail to be most interesting. For the first time for some years the Foreign Office would be able to thunder at the Tuilleries and at Europe in tones as majestic and mysterious as those of NAPOLEON III. It would be Deep answering to Deep—the Caucasian mystery pitted against the Corsican; and the only prayer that the English public can offer up is, that the eventful affair may take place in a time of profound peace.

AMERICA.

SINCE the beginning of the civil war, five years ago, the interest of American politics has never permanently flagged. Both in domestic and foreign affairs there is always occasion for hope, for fear, for excitement, or at least for curiosity. The Department of State is fertile of surprises, although it never deviates into courtesy in its transactions with England. It appeared for some time to be consistent with American notions of propriety and good faith that Fenian armaments should assemble on the frontier of the English provinces without any interference on the part of the Federal Government. Before the arrival of General MEADE at Eastport, the civil and military authorities connived at the piratical preparations which were openly made, and it may be hoped that an officer of high rank and character will persevere in his determination to enforce municipal, if not international, law. In the mean time the Fenians have obtained a victory and secured a trophy. Some of their heroic adventurers, landing on the coast of a little uninhabited island, stole an English flag, and brought it back into American territory. As the violation of neutrality was undeniable, the impunity of the culprits proves that the American Government had so far not determined to prevent Fenian outrages. The technical offence of invasion was, according to the story, complete, although the enterprise was bloodless and materially innocuous. If no civilized Government but that of America would tolerate such a proceeding, it must also be confessed that the peculiar stolidity of an English functionary is exclusively equal to the achievement of leaving an unprotected flag within reach of a swarm of lawless marauders. The officer who hoisted the flag would perhaps think it imprudent to drop a bank-note in Fleet Street, yet the captured ornament will be worth more to the conspirators than many bank-notes. Perhaps, however, it may appear, after all, that the flag was manufactured in New York, and that the captors saved themselves the trouble of visiting English territory. In the meanwhile, Mr. SEWARD, although he has not always leisure to attend to the plain duties of international comity, has gratified his countrymen by a menacing demonstration against a Power which is entirely out of his reach. The Government of Washington has instructed its Minister at Vienna to retire from the Austrian Court if any troops are despatched to relieve the French army on its retirement from Mexico. France, notwithstanding many offences against the majesty of the Union, must be treated with a certain amount of forbearance; but there is nothing to fear from Austria, and therefore incivility is a cheap pleasure. Between the United States and Austria, as, according to ACHILLES, between Phthia and Troy, there are "many a shadowy mountain and the 'sounding sea.'" It is almost impossible that there should be collision, and therefore a threat of hostility is harmless. Mr. SEWARD's despatch, however, may prove to be a mistake, if the return of the French troops should be delayed in consequence of an unfriendly demonstration against the Mexican Empire.

At home the Americans are more in earnest, and the civil contest which is now proceeding is replete with instruction to political students. An unusual opportunity of learning the opinions of one party in the controversy has been furnished by the interview of the PRESIDENT with the Correspondent of the *Times*. The head of a powerful Government has seldom appealed to the opinion of the world through the columns of a foreign newspaper; but it is one of the most characteristic and creditable peculiarities of Americans that they generally proceed direct to their object, without any superstitious regard to formal scruples. As Mr. JOHNSON told his interlocutor, although his place is one of the highest upon earth, he often forgets, for twelve hours at a stretch, that he is President. He seems to have welcomed the occasion of defending his own policy before a disinterested witness who was authorized to circulate his apology in Europe. Few more dignified or more consistent statements have ever been published by a statesman whose conduct has been impugned. The PRESIDENT says that he knows the South, which "these men," as he calls his opponents, desire to crush, or to govern in absolute ignorance of the condition of society. "These men" are perfectly aware that the admission of Southern Representatives and Senators would transfer the majority in both branches of Congress to the Democratic party. It is to avoid defeat that, in Mr. JOHNSON'S opinion, the dominant majority has excluded Southern members, and on the future reconstruction of the Union the expected result will assuredly follow. Mr. STEVENS'S theory that the Confederate States had dissolved the Federal bond affords a logical triumph both to the authors of Secession and to the PRESIDENT, who always maintained that the Union was indissoluble. In

England a legal consequence is regarded as less conclusive than in America. The Republican party has no difficulty in devising plausible explanations of a doctrine which for the present pleases the majority; and the PRESIDENT himself is obliged to commit many practical anomalies in his efforts to repair the constitutional edifice. The continuance of martial law in the Southern States when the restoration of peace has been formally proclaimed, and the confinement of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS without any warrant of law, are undoubted irregularities; and the State necessity which the PRESIDENT would plead in his defence may also furnish his adversaries with excuses. The Civil Rights Bill expressed the unanimous conviction of the Republican party that it was the duty of the conqueror to protect the emancipated slaves during their transition to freedom. The PRESIDENT is probably not less alive to the claims of humanity; and if he had concurred in the prevailing opinion, he would perhaps have overlooked the aggressive character of the Bill. It was to prevent an imminent war of races, as well as for the purpose of maintaining the Constitution, that he exercised his prerogative in returning the measure to the Senate. He now relies with perhaps excessive confidence on the impartial firmness of the Supreme Court. In a short time some State Judge will probably be arrested by Federal authority on the charge of withholding equal rights from a negro, and it will then be the duty of the Supreme Court to decide whether the act lay within the competence of Congress. Few lawyers can doubt that the Constitution has been infringed by the Civil Rights Bill, by the imposition of test oaths, and by some other recent legislative measures; but, according to the Republican creed, Chief Justice TANNEY delivered in the *Dred Scott* case an exclusively political judgment, and it remains to be seen whether Chief Justice CHASE will be able to forget that, off the bench, he is a bitter and ambitious partisan.

The PRESIDENT'S accusations against the administrators of the Freedmen's Bureau are, in several points of view, surprising. That philanthropy should form a cordial alliance with speculation is perhaps not unnatural. The protectors of the negro find it convenient to supply their friends with cheap labour by the aid of machinery which is provided at the public expense; and at the same time they punish past disaffection by preventing planters from hiring their former slaves, even when both parties are willing to form a contract. Political favouritism and jobbery exhibited in the midst of a hostile community are not calculated to win back alienated affection and loyalty. It is singular that the Commander-in-Chief of the army should be content to denounce in private conversation the iniquities of a department which is almost exclusively managed by military officers. The control of the business is perhaps in the hands of Mr. STANTON, who is a zealous patron of the negroes and an enemy of the PRESIDENT'S system of reconstruction.

Mr. JOHNSON'S opinions have often been publicly announced, and his recent speeches to deputations show a determination to persevere in his course which is entirely consistent with his character. The idle rumour of an intended impeachment only illustrates the national habit of invariably resorting, in language though not in action, to paradoxical extremes. The Republicans, though they have absolute possession of Congress, are not even certain that the people are on their side. Late elections in different States have generally resulted in the return of Republican candidates, but the local majorities have sensibly diminished. The dominant party still profits by the momentum acquired during the war, and every day it will be more and more dependent on new and uncertain forces. The great mass of undecided feeling would probably be determined in favour of the PRESIDENT by a hasty resort to the violent measure of an impeachment. It would be difficult even for a Committee of the House of Representatives to frame tenable charges. It is not disputed that the PRESIDENT acted legally in placing his veto on two Bills during the Session, nor is it forgotten that his popular predecessor, General JACKSON, made a far more liberal use of his prerogative. In almost every matter of dispute the PRESIDENT professes to defend the Constitution, while his antagonists allege general grounds of policy or of supposed duty. Some reverence for the inspired document probably still survives among the American population, notwithstanding the sacrilegious readiness of Congress to amend it, as Lord PETER, in the *Tale of a Tub*, added glosses to his father's will. It is not safe to trust the assertion of party politicians as to the variations of public opinion. It may be that the Democrats are still unpopular as the former advocates of peace, and that the return of the PRESIDENT to his old connection causes suspicion and dislike; yet it is necessary that his opponents should propose an alter-

native policy, and hitherto they have given no indication of their purpose. Mr. JOHNSON has still two years of political activity, and he will, before the end of his term, have out-lived the Congress. His determination not to be again a candidate secures his independence, and probably it may earn the confidence of the nation.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE DEBATE.

THE old editions of the Iliad used to assign the several books to several heroes. There were the Acts, or Aristeia, of DIOMEDES, the Acts of AJAX, the deeds of PATROCLUS, and so on. The Franchise Bill may be regarded as the Acts of GLADSTONE. There is an epic wholeness and completeness about this wonderful episode in the career of him who is our greatest living orator, and has only missed being our greatest living statesman. Like some other episodes, it may be that this particular feat of activity may be regarded as a single chapter out of Mr. GLADSTONE's life, and may, in the long run, leave his character in history unaffected; but, as it at present stands, there can be no doubt that it possesses an artistic and dramatic unity. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end; and it is worth studying. What is most important to ascertain is, whether we are to consider Mr. GLADSTONE's management of the Reform Bill as typical and significant of his future leadership; or whether it is a mere exceptional burst of bad management and bad temper. But anyhow the prospect is serious. The foremost man of the time cannot afford to have this sort of doubt and speculation floating about his statesmanship. Whether he is going to lead the House in future as he has led it since the 12th of March, or whether he has merely suffered from a violent and transient access of a divine æstrum, it is certain that the general confidence which was so generously tendered to him has been rudely shaken. Even if, as is to be hoped, he has had a lesson, and is returning to the policy of conciliation which, perhaps not without an effort, he elaborated during the first six weeks of the Session, he will always be suspected. No doubt he can retrieve the past, but it is a great pity that there should be anything to retrieve. When Mr. GLADSTONE first took the foremost seat on the Treasury Bench there were plenty of acute and hostile critics to prophesy his inevitable failure. By the most austere discipline he seemed, however, to have conquered himself. He was affable and courteous and conciliatory; mild almost to the verge of dulness; and so un irritating was his eloquence, that it was accused of vapiditv. But this unhappy Franchise Bill changed the whole man, or, as some would say, brought out the real man. His artificiality melted like hoar-frost before the sun. Suspected of shiftiness and insincerity, a commonplace man may think that an outbreak of obstinacy may be taken for consistency; but nevertheless this is an error into which Mr. GLADSTONE ought not to have been betrayed.

For, after all, his consistency has been of a very feminine character. At the outset there was nothing to be consistent about, and the pretext being so very small, the obstinacy has been proportionately ridiculous, because utterly thrown away. After the division of last Saturday morning, we all found ourselves at the exact point where we ought to have been on the 12th of March. Mr. GLADSTONE then discovered, by the most decisive intimation, that the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill must be considered together; which was exactly the one and single point against which he had taken his perverse stand. Because some of those whose whole history and family traditions and associations had been connected with Liberal principles said this, they were denounced as dirty conspirators, renegades, and apostates. Men who were Reformers when Mr. GLADSTONE was a Tory were shrieked at as revived borough-mongers, only because they claimed, in discussing a Reform Bill, to know what it was. The House of Commons declined to sign an agreement of two pages, only one of which was read over to them. There can be no doubt that the claim embodied in Lord GROSVENOR's amendment was a matter of simple justice and simple common sense; and there can be no question, moreover, that had the Government only given themselves time for the preparation of the whole measure, instead of acting in a hurry on the advice of Mr. BRIGHT, this would have been their policy from the first. But they had hampered themselves by pledges. They had committed themselves to produce something by a certain day and hour. They felt themselves bound, in what they chose to call honour, to redeem their pledge, scrupulous of its letter, careless of its spirit. Now when a man—more especially when a woman—takes this line, we all know what comes of it in common life. Argument is out of the question;

consistency and honour and the pledge override all considerations of sense and propriety. Because I have said it I must do it. It is a matter of conscience—that convenient euphemism for obstinacy. We must carry it with a high hand; stand or fall by our measure; we must cut off our own retreat, and we have broken down our bridges and burnt our own boats. Noble language, sonorous balderdash, beautiful claptrap. This is what the necessity of Mr. GLADSTONE's position drove him to. He had no choice but to resort to frantic gestures and melodramatic language. He could not help mounting the stump, for he had shut himself out from using such arguments as were fit to be addressed to a deliberative assembly. Counsel was, from the hard necessity of the situation, excluded from his policy. He had but to misrepresent his opponents, and terrorize both adherents and foes. He had but to threaten, hector, and talk big.

Such a policy must either succeed or fail. If it succeeds, it has the same kind of justification as a *coup d'état* has; if it does not succeed, it places those who adopt it in a somewhat awkward position. When a general talks of breaking down his bridges and burning his boats, he is usually thought to mean either victory or death. It is but a lame and impotent conclusion of these time-honoured heroics to borrow a raft from the enemy; and yet this is what the Government has been driven to. On Monday night it was a mere matter of eating the leek; and it did credit to the Christian or contemptuous charity of those who were the real victors that Mr. GLADSTONE was allowed to swallow his unsavoury esculent at least in silence. On that evening Mr. GLADSTONE promised to bring in within a week the very measure which on the previous Saturday morning he had declined to admit to be of pressing or immediate consequence. He has been consistent, and has saved his honour only to show that his point of honour was not worth insisting upon. He has yielded, but without the saving grace of alacrity; and he has, by his submission, acknowledged that he was wrong throughout, and that he only persisted in his perversity because, right or wrong, it was his first thought. It is no discredit to politician or moralist to yield upon compulsion, but the essence of statesmanship consists in a virtue called prudence. No deity is wanting where prudence is, says the heathen poet; but where prudence is not, every gift and grace, all the powers of oratory, all the versatility and infinitude of resource, are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. It would be premature to say that his conduct of the late Reform debate has irretrievably damaged Mr. GLADSTONE's public life, but there can be no question that it has very seriously affected the position of the present Ministry. For the first time within political memory a GROSVENOR has gone into the same lobby with the Conservatives. New exigencies may make it convenient to pass over this memorable fact; but the fact remains. The Liberal party has been divided; and an unbroken dish and a riveted dish are very different things. Ugly words, too, have been said which at a future time it may perhaps be found convenient not to remember, or at any rate not to repeat. But they have been said, and their gall and bitterness remain; and Mr. GLADSTONE has said them. The most working Liberal Parliament which ever assembled has, somehow or other, been disintegrated, and to Mr. GLADSTONE is owing this fact. To save Mr. GLADSTONE's point of honour seventy has become five; and though, happily, there is no change of Ministry, everybody feels that we have a Ministry which has displayed the barren grace of obstinacy, which tried to dictate to the House of Commons and failed, and which is kept in office, not because it is either trusted or respected, but because it would be most inconvenient to snuff out even a guttering candle.

WHITE LIES.

WHILE every moralist admits that the enemy of mankind is the father of lies, moralists differ very considerably as to the relation he bears to white lies. Little social falsehoods have become so common an ingredient in daily life that we all hope and believe that, if the devil is connected with white lies at all, he cannot be anything more than a very distant sort of cousin. There are, of course, some kinds of white lies which are so white that they cannot properly be considered lies. They are merely conventional instances of language employed by society in a secondary, and not in a literal, sense. Not even a Bishop would nowadays object to his footman saying "Not at home" to an afternoon visitor, and if the whole Bench of Bishops were to fulminate against the harmless equivocal, their objections would be treated as frivolous and hypercritical. The obvious answer would be that "Not at home," in common parlance, does not mean not at home, but something slightly different. No one who understands English takes it for an assertion as to the bodily presence or absence of the person about whom it is employed; and we have all a right to use the term

in a sense which, whatever be its primitive grammatical interpretation, has been affixed to it by universal and recognised custom. If the world had agreed that henceforward green should mean black, it would not be the slightest departure from truth to call a black crow green. The most ingenious casuistry would not be able even to find a peg on which to hang an argument about it. But the real difficulty about white lies is not caused by such a very white one as this, which, indeed, is not a lie at all. The practical question is how to deal with a large number of polite fictions which are not so much white lies as white-brown ones. We are so accustomed to avail ourselves of their assistance that the world would feel it a delicate matter to get on without them. An obvious specimen of the white-brown lie is the answer which an anonymous author occasionally gives to curious or intrusive acquaintances who interrogate him point-blank about his secret. What Sir Walter Scott did under similar circumstances is usually taken as a precedent that may be followed. The British public, for example, at the present moment is very anxious to discover the author of *Ecce Homo*, and any one who might by any possibility have written it has probably been asked at least ten times over, by different people, whether he is the unknown theologian. The chances are that some curious lady friend has put the indiscreet question to the real author among the rest, and that the real author has had to come out with his white-brown lie. It is evident, in such a case, that his position is by no means exactly the same as that of the footman whose business is to say "Not at home" to all comers. The footman neither intends to deceive nor does deceive anybody, and his mistress, for anything we know, may be looking at us from behind the drawing-room curtains. The reluctant author both does deceive and means to deceive his interrogator. Like so many culprits, he can only say in self-exculpation that he has been driven to it. The interrogator has left him no other means of preserving the incognito which he has his own private reasons for preserving. To refuse to answer, and to deliver a lecture to the social inquisitor on the gross impropriety of his proceeding, would be the most legitimate way of dealing with him. But we all know that to adopt such a line would be equivalent to a complete confession of authorship. Every one might, indeed, rebuke impertinent people in this way who ask questions they ought not to ask; but no one, as a matter of fact, ever does take the trouble to do so who is not embarrassed and put to inconvenience by their conduct. However much they deserve to be left in the dark, to refuse to answer would not be to leave them in the dark, but to create a strong presumption against oneself. Under these circumstances the white-brown lie may appear a very venial piece of wickedness. And yet, from the point of view of truth and ethics, it is pretty clear that all arguments of the sort are at best an apology, and not a defence. It all comes at last to this, that we have used deceit for the purposes of self-protection against impertinence. The theory that we may lawfully so use it involves the important assumption that the moral colour of truth and falsehood depends on the circumstances of each particular case; and that deceit may be justifiable if it is a means to a good end. This is inconsistent with the view that truth is to be considered as an absolute and inflexible rule of life; and the worst of it is that, if we admit of one exception to the rule of inflexibility, it is difficult to see where we are to stop. If we need not scruple to deceive the impertinent, it seems a pity to be obliged to keep good faith at all with the wicked. Then again, if personal convenience and the desire of keeping secret a carefully laid project is a sufficient reason for equivocation, falsehood will often come in conveniently at a pinch, and truth be proportionately at a discount. If a white lie is excusable which is told to keep the authorship of *Ecce Homo* dark, what are we to say of lies told, not merely for a personal convenience, but for some object of still more paramount importance, such as the good of the nation, or for the good of a church, or to save men's souls? Before we know where we are we find ourselves on the confines, if not of Jesuitical casuistry, at all events of the position which Paley certainly upheld, but which modern moralists usually condemn.

The view that it is not every man who has a right to demand strict truth at our hands is a very old one. The well-known instance of the murderer who is pursuing his victim, and who asks us if we have seen the fugitive pass, is perhaps as forcible as any that can be taken. If we decline to reply, our silence is tantamount to an admission, and the murderer is at once put upon the right scent. Ought one, like the heroine in the fable, to be *splendide mendax*? Are we justified in saying that nobody has passed our way, and if so, how many asseverations may we throw in to back up our assertions? A practical solution sometimes suggested of this nice point is that the thing is not likely to occur, and that no moral code can be invented which will not break down when applied to some extreme hypothetical case. But the use of putting an extreme case is that it compels one to form a clear view of the limits of our own theories. There is only one step from the position that falsehood is lawful here, to the view that it is lawful in twenty other still more important matters. Plato, the first and best of moralists, saw no harm in teaching as true, to the citizens of his ideal commonwealth, a system of mythology composed by the legislator with the object of making them virtuous and moral. The notion of the value of historical truth did not occur so easily to an ancient as to a modern mind, and Plato might possibly have recoiled from his own principle had he seen the political effects of it when worked out by the diplomatists or theologians of Europe. Can it be right to teach a nation, or to teach children, a system of mythology, or theology, or philosophy, which has no truth in it

except moral or analogical truth? Is it lawful to try to feed the world upon illusions, provided they are useful ones? It will not do to reply merely that no illusion can be beneficial to society in the long run, and that therefore none ought to be propagated designedly. History shows us that many illusions have been most beneficial; and, not to touch upon vexed problems of theology, it seems probable that a great deal of the social and political development of Europe is due to the working of enthusiasm and illusion and imagination. A sounder argument in favour of rigid adherence to truth is, that no man has the right to assume the responsibility of patronizing his fellow-creatures like the lawgiver of Plato, and to doctor them with fiction, because he thinks it will do them good. But this argument, though conclusive for all practical purposes, is a departure from the question, as far as the morality of falsehood under certain conditions is concerned. It still leaves us uninformed whether truth is an absolute or only a relative obligation, and still leaves undecided the problem which Bacon indignantly solves in the negative—*An mentiri oportet pro Deo*?

The explanation will be best found by reflecting that this sort of difficulty is not confined to the subject of truth and falsehood only. Similar perplexities occur whenever we push any system of human morality to an extreme. Theft, for example, is a contravention of the ordinary moral law. Yet it would be possible to put an hypothesis in which a philosopher might hesitate to brand theft as a crime, as, for instance, in the case of a beggar and a starving child. Part of the difficulty arises from the fact that a moral code may be said in one sense to be both relative and absolute. It is relative to the conditions under which we live and act; for virtue, as it has been well defined, is after all a means. On the other hand, it is essential for the welfare of society that it should treat its moral code as if the code were absolute and of universal obligation. Philosophers may possibly understand with the apostle that unless there had been a law sin would never have existed; but the ordinary run of men and women would find it difficult heartily to obey moral laws the process of forming which they had successfully analysed. The law once promulgated cannot with safety be treated by the public as true only with limitations. There may be limits outside which any code is meaningless or inadequate, but it is important that individuals should not be permitted to act upon such a theory. Extreme cases occasionally show the harshness of the moral, as they do of the judicial, law; but the law cannot allow for extreme cases. If it relaxed so far, no line could be safely drawn; and it would be inexpedient to leave to individual consciences the licence of issuing dispensations to themselves. Nor, after all, is the code so very much to blame. It is easy to see that all white lies that are lies at all arise from a moral flaw either in society or in the individual. Let us take first the case of the anonymous author. Impertinent questions ought properly to be visited in all cases with censure, to whomsoever they are addressed. They should by right be deemed so gross an infraction of courtesy and propriety that a rebuke would on every occasion be the natural answer to them. If this were so, and if the world had done its duty, white lies would be unnecessary. Society, however, is too lazy and too easy-going to interfere; and its culpable easiness and good-nature end by individuals being placed every now and then in an awkward dilemma. Another species, again, of white-brown lie consists in the insincere compliments which it has become almost customary under certain circumstances to pay. Very thin-skinned and sensitive people are so anxious not to fall short of customary politeness that they overdo their part, and become insincere. Here, once more, the fault is in the beginning of things. People ought not to be over thin-skinned or over sensitive, nor ought society to encourage complimentary insincerity. If it insists upon doing so, of course the result is that moral difficulties sooner or later must occur. When we are asked what answer is to be given to the inquiry of the murderer who is chasing the runaway, the only thing to be said is that somebody should knock him down. There ought not to be murderers, and if there are, they ought not to be galloping about putting fine points of casuistry in the way of quiet persons. In like manner, the perplexed author of *Ecce Homo* has only society to thank if he is annoyed by self-constituted and curious grand inquisitors. Society, and he as a member of society, should long ago have done their best to knock all such grand inquisitors on the head. It is too late to complain of the annoyance when it comes home personally to one's door. Nor is it proper to shut our eyes to the fact that our white-brown lie is after all a lie. All that can be done for the unhappy storyteller, by his indulgent fellow-creatures, is to pass a sort of bill of indemnity for the lie after it has been told. It is wiser and more candid to rely on such a bill of indemnity than to pretend that no offence has been committed. If he pleases, let him tell his white-brown fib like a man, but let him not justify it like a casuist. Whatever we do in practice, at all events prudence and decorum require us to keep our ideal standard intact.

THE PAINS OF ASSOCIATION.

NERO used to curse and shun the scenes of his crimes, "because they could not change their faces, like the courtiers, to flatter him." Even people who have not the recollection of such enormities to torment them as haunted Nero may begin, after a certain time, to find that places have a stubborn unchangeableness about

them which they would fain avoid. Considering that all of us who are not utterly dull and inanimate are constantly undergoing change, and that, even if our own stock of ideas and sentiments should (to our discredit) remain unaltered, yet the mere lapse of time outside of ourselves changes our point of view, it is plain that the comparative constancy of places is a something which jars on the unphilosophic mind. Of all the agreeable fancies that have gained room among the stock sentiments of the world, that of there being some pleasure in renewing old associations with places is the most delusive. The constant breakdown in the fulfilment of anticipations of this sort is as much a commonplace as are the anticipations themselves. Men who have made a mark in the world are often pictured, by novelists and the modern fancy biographer, as revisiting the scenes of their youth, and moralizing over them with a gushing and hateful complacency. The truth is that most men who achieve any great success have by that time outgrown the inclination "to shed a tear of joy and thankfulness," as the phrase is, over the haunts of the past. During the thirty years or so which in most cases, even of success, elapse between youthful aspirations and their more or less perfect fulfilment, a man's mind is better engaged than in sentimental moralizings over the vicissitudes of mortal fortune; and when he has got time to recognise these vicissitudes and ponder over them, he has probably lost the inclination. It is mostly, we believe, sentimental young gentlemen and unmarried ladies under twenty who expatiate so beautifully upon the touching loveliness of early association. Perhaps one ought to be very much obliged to them for their sedulous efforts to keep us from being hardened by the world, and to recall to grown-up people the purity and simple-mindedness of their earlier days. But contrasts between present and past, be they never so touching, are seldom very effective. When they are most violent—and, to have any effect at all, they must have a certain violence—they are simply acutely painful, and it may be questioned whether mere acute pain is ever good for much in morals. Supposing a man has the fortitude to run probes and lances deep into himself, merely for the sake of the pain they inflict, the reaction is sure to be too strong for him, and the pain and humiliation will most likely leave him worse, not better, than he was before. Clergymen who preach on behalf of Female Penitentiaries nearly always introduce a picture of the fallen woman reflecting with softened heart upon the old days when she clung about her mother's knees. It would be more true to nature and fact to represent the woman as hardened, not softened, by such reflections. A good many fallen women do not indulge in these retrospects at all, and those who do are irresistibly driven by them to the solace of gin. It is a wholesome thing that men and women should smart for their backslidings, but smartings which result in a too profound depression of the moral system are the most dangerous discipline to which anybody can subject himself or others. The sting which is left by a revival of the old hopeful associations in the breast of a man whose life has been, or appears to himself to be, a failure, more often makes him reckless than stimulates him to fresh endeavours. Hence the sight of the old school-house, or of the place where he was born, or of the church in which he was married, is not pathetic, but simply odious to him, because it recalls in a vivid way a contrast which is pregnant with unalloyed pain. In the case of successful men with a warm emotional temperament, the places which revive old associations—that is to say, old hopes and ideas and exploits—are not downright odious, as they are to the little social Neros. But even here they are not so lovely as the young poetesses would have us think. A Lord Chancellor or an Archbishop, unless he has a very unusual amount of the unctuous affectation of dignitaries, is not at all moved to shed a joyful tear as he revisits the spot where he remembers that he licked an ill-conditioned schoolmate, or won his first prize, or even preached his first sermon. The philosopher who is supposed to have discovered the doctrine of the universal flux of things was himself usually to be found in tears. And one can scarcely wonder at him, though perhaps the habitual contemplation of so surpassingly dismal a truth might have been expected to breed that indifference which comes of familiarity with truths as with other things. The custodian of a ruin has not a tithe of the sensibility which affects the casual tourist; and so a philosopher who is for ever pointing out the crumbling ruins of human hopes might naturally come to look on his doctrine as a matter of business, and be no more moved by it than an undertaker or a mute is moved by the thought of mortality. Agreeable sentimentalists are to be met with who get quite hearty and cheerful over the contrasts of life, just as a mute does over a lively season. But the heartiness, in one case as in the other, is in a manner professional. Contrasts and vicissitudes constitute the regular stock in trade of a certain sort of moralists in poetry and prose. Any hint that, after all, this use of violent contrast between a man's position at different times is rather a clever trick than a broad and profitable reflection on life, is resented or despised as an intrusion of a hard matter-of-fact worldliness. People who are more sincerely sensible of the sorrowfulness of the contrasts which association brings out find the thought that times change, while we are changed with them, by no means so pleasant as to be worth making much of. A pair of lovers in the honeymoon may find a certain luxury in being reminded, by the ruins of the Coliseum, or by hearing that some acquaintance has come to grief, that man's life is but a span, that he is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, and that the vicissitudes of the world are numberless and full of mystery. But,

if they honestly realized all this, it would strike them as something very different from a luxury. And people who talk of the pleasures of memory, and the delights of renewing associations with the past, are often just as far from a real appreciation of what they are discoursing about.

Sufficient notice has not been taken of the mischief which is wrought in the world by the fear of the pain which the rude severance of associations is wont to inflict; in other words, of the harm which men receive from suffering old associations to gain too tight a hold upon them. In a hundred ways, alike in thought and in conduct, the force of association restrains and paralyses. Courage to obey the dictates of truth or prudence, when the memory of former friends or beliefs or habits interposes, is one of the rarest virtues. If it is true that respect for some past is constantly found to be strong enough to keep people back from decline and retrogression, is it any less true that a mistaken tenderness for this same past as often keeps back even the better spirits from the vigorous advance which they would otherwise have made? Nobody could pretend that such an influence is anything but natural. The undeniable fact that it is natural makes it all the more dangerous. As much civilization is due to the steady repression of nature as to its development. Ferocity is very natural, but it is no virtue for all that. A reverence for old associations is nearly always a sign of an affectionate and loveable disposition. It is not so quite always, because men who are harsh in the present, and irritable to persons before them, are often ready to think of past events, and of those who figured in them, with a violent sentimental kindness. A sentimental man of this sort will glow with warm soft feeling as he thinks of the fine and sympathetic behaviour of his wife in their young days, and within half an hour, straightway forgetting all this, he may rate her savagely for some slight or even imaginary neglect. But if a keen feeling about old associations were a more trustworthy sign than it is of a kindly and amiable temper, that would be no proof that a systematic concession to such feeling is much of a merit. Just as amiability itself may run to seed in a criminal weakness, so the particular kind of amiability which consists in a sedulous regard for old associations, as for things sacred, very frequently leads to maudlin indecision or wrongheadedness. Just as it is often wrong not to be angry, so it is often wrong not to throw old associations to the winds. The author of the *Idylls of the King* has furnished a finely worded illustration of a position of this sort, where to yield to the impulses of tender reminiscence would be a fatal sacrifice of dignity and self-respect:—

I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who for his own or children's sake,
To save his name from scandal, lets his wife
Whom he knows false abide and rule the house.

Of course reminiscence is not the only motive in the minds of men who take back dishonoured wives. Dislike to exposure, habit, the peace and fair name of their children, with a score of other considerations, may counsel such a step; only with persons of a sentimental leaning the recollection of old days is not the slightest of these considerations. There are other connections, not recognised as binding by the law, which in course of years become in a manner binding on some men, whose "honour rooted in dishonour stands," from a humane unwillingness to tear up old associations. They cannot endure to think of cutting adrift anybody to whom time has attached them. As has been well said of such connections, "Unless you are utterly heartless and worthless, you will find that the looser tie is not the lighter. A man thinks that he has hung a trinket round his neck, and behold! it is a millstone." It may be worth noticing that here, as in all other dilemmas in which mortals find themselves, a man does well to be very sure of himself before he takes any step which irretrievably cuts him off from his own past history. It is a frightful thing, after a man has built a high wall between himself and the past, for him to find the spectre of the past glaring implacably over the top of his futile defence. When we have become alienated from people we have once loved, it is not "the scattering of a little dust" which will suffice to appease the restless shades of old associations. Perhaps it is lucky for the majority of mankind that they are little sensible of these pains, though it is possible that, if they were more alive to them, the world would present fewer of those harsh and bitter contrasts which seem to the sentimental moralist to compose the sum of human life.

A robust nature throws off a too morbid tenderness for reminiscence, because it is able to see through the fallacy which very commonly underlies the habit of excessive affection for everybody with whom we have at any time been intimate. One often hears a sort of solemn whimpering over what, in such a case, is wrongly called the irony of life. "What a world this must be," says one, "when here is a man dragging into a public court, under circumstances of the deepest ignominy, a woman whom only a few years ago he loved passionately, and swore and meant to love and cherish till death should them part." And, in any case, the sight is mournful enough. Only it is to be remembered that in reality the man is not dragging into court the woman whom he thought he meant to love and cherish, but, supposing her to be guilty, the mere counterfeit and simulacrum of that woman. It is the same with all forms of unworthy friendship. The lad with whom you used to play, who was your closest friend at college, is in reality not the same person as the mean knave who abuses your friendship in order to play you a scurvy trick. His nature and his bodily presence may have preserved their identity all the while,

but, as far as you are concerned, there are in truth two people. There is the old friend, and there is the new-born knave. The new-comer is no friend, and never was. You may justly and painfully lament that the old friend is dead, but that is no reason why old associations should be allowed to cluster round the new and degenerate nature, to the exclusion of a just recognition of the fact that it is new and degenerate. It would be very shallow to deny that all estrangements, all ruptures with a sweet and pleasant past, have a deeply pathetic side. That, unhappily, is likely to escape no one. This other side is less familiar, and it may contain a certain grain of comfort.

DANDIES ON 'CHANGE

IF there was one article in the creed of a dandy of the Georgian period more firmly rooted than another, it was that to be seen east of Temple Bar was a social disgrace. Men were black-balled at fashionable clubs for less. The Selwyns and Brummells used to steal down in muffi to do business with their banker or stockbroker, trembling lest the flagstones of Fleet Street should prate of their whereabouts. Even their matchless assurance was not proof against a friendly encounter on Ludgate Hill. All and more than all that Tottenham Court Road signifies nowadays to the votary of fashion, the City boundaries signified then. They marked the limits of civilised London—the furthest point in its geography about which a man of fashion might affect to know. Of the inhabitants of the regions beyond it was usual to speak in much the same way that Herodotus speaks of the Hyperboreans, or M. du Chaillu of the pigmy race of Central Africa. In the eyes of a fine gentleman the City had but one function. It might do itself the honour to repair the broken fortunes of a spendthrift lord. The final cause of Aldermen, in West-End philosophy, was to supply heiresses, whose dower might recruit the exchequer of the *roué* and the gamester. As an alternative to blowing out his brains, such a matrimonial pill might, in the last resort, be swallowed; but to a youth of spirit, a gentlemanly suicide at White's was the less evil of the two.

What would these by-gone paladins of fashion think of their degenerate descendants, who go to the City, not merely for a passing accommodation, or from stress of debt, but to find a profession? With what scorn must their pale lips curl at the sight of a member of the brilliant confraternity which they adorned in the flesh, and left untarnished to their successors, perched on a high stool in a counting-house and cudgelling his brains over the petty cash account? The age of Almack chivalry is past. The commercial spirit of the times has made sad havoc of the ideas of the Regency. And none has collapsed more thoroughly than that which laid the City and its traders under a species of social interdict. Now, Cheapside is one with Pall-Mall. The dandy lies down with the citizen. My Lord dines with the wealthy contractor for utilizing the sewage of great towns, and My Lady accepts the opera-box of the fortunate patentee of an antibilious pill. But the most significant fact of all is the gravitational Citywards of no small section of that gilded youth of which we are all so proud. The City is rapidly becoming another branch of that system of relief for the aristocracy which Mr. Bright denounces. They follow in the wake of a troop of briefless barristers who, weary of waiting for clients that never came, have transferred their allegiance from Themis to the fickle goddess. The barristers have the advantage of their circuit experiences to put them on their guard in dealing with their fellow-citizens. The ingenuous youth of fashion has nothing but his ball-room tactics to guide him in his new career. He is quite innocent of political economy and the laws that govern the money-market. He has lazy notions about the rate of exchange with Japan, and the effects of a drain of silver to China, while the eccentric proceedings of Colza oil and grey shirtings are insoluble enigmas. The only point on which he approximates to clearness is in his knowledge of the nature and purpose of a promissory note. All he has to do is to say ditto to the decisions of the sharp plebeian sponsor to whom his careful parents or friends have entrusted him. And he is quite content to be a cipher in the firm, with a share in the profits. The City has thus opened up a home gold-field for Belgravian squatters. From its dingy corners nuggets are unearthed without the trouble of shouldering a pickaxe or roughing it at the diggings. A chat in the counting-house, agreeably broken by luncheon and a siesta, is much more pleasant than the perils and hardships of the antipodes. There are no cotillons to be led in the bush, and the spoilt child of West-End drawing-rooms has no ambition to waste his sweetness on an aboriginal partner, or execute a *pas seul* before a circle of startled and admiring kangaroos. He thinks, as he lounges down in his well-stuffed brougham to the City, with a sort of pitying contempt of the men, as well-born and delicately-nurtured as himself, who in Canada and Queensland are earning wealth by the sweat of their brow. For his own part, he is minded to cling, like a barnacle, to advanced civilization. A short and flowery cut to riches—this is what he means by business. Business is pleasure. The extension of trade means simply more evening parties, more rides in the Park, more flirtations, more kid gloves. Unluckily, not all the prospectuses of all the bubble-companies can reverse the curse pronounced on Adam. Man must still work hard to grow rich. Alnaschar, with his head full of pretty ladies, and the strains of Coote and Tinney still haunting his ear, is not the man to steer a safe course through the perilous reefs of the

City. For a while all goes swimmingly. But one fine day there comes a crisis. The funds fall, the Bank-rate mounts, the old-established houses bow their heads before the fury of the financial tempest. Of Alnaschar nought remains but his epitaph, penned as tenderly as facts will allow, in the money article of the *Times*.

But not only has this horror of the City which the fops of another day professed fallen into decay, but the City may be said to have quietly established itself in the very heart of Belgravia. Like Fenianism, it has agents where one least suspects. They are as difficult to make out as policemen in plain clothes. There are certain familiar forms that haunt the ballrooms of "the best set" whose means of living, as they say of tramps, are not very "ostensible." By day they are one thing; by candlelight another. Society only knows them by the exquisite finish of their attire, the coolness and ease of their manner, their perennial flow of small-talk, the sumptuousness of their Greenwich dinners, the tastefulness of their appointments in the Park. It sees them in the vanguard of the annual campaign of pleasure, glittering in the thickest of the intoxicating fray. But their splendour, like Cinderella's, vanishes with the dawn. Each morning the grosser conditions which clog this brilliant existence re-assert themselves. The dandy fades into the stockbroker; the lips over whose pleantries young ladies tittered, and even Royalty smiled, open but to babble of the price of shares; the hand that last night encircled Lady Mary's waist is busy to-day with the well-worn pocket-book, in which the profits of commissions are jotted; the dainty feet that twinkled over a *parquet* floor are pacing the prosaic flagstones of the Exchange. The best waltzer in London hies to his matutinal eclipse in Mincing Lane. The languid patron of opera is lost to view somewhere in Cornhill. Even the veteran connoisseur of gaieties, whom ball-giving mothers consult in fear and trembling, and who acts as unpaid master of the ceremonies to the fashionable world, bows to the commercial spirit of the age and ends his Protean career by subsiding into a tout. The ripe experience of more than twenty seasons is devoted to the humble but not unprofitable task of puffing the vintages of a wine company. Such are the ramifications of trade, and so subtle is their disguise, that the most exclusive of young ladies can hardly be certain that she has never danced with a sugar-baker, or accepted the attentions of a pickle merchant. It would need Ithuriel's spear to detect him now-a-days. The wretch may have approached her in the form of a comely youth sprung from some noble house, and marked by Fashion and the tailor for their own, with a lovely moustache, and eyes that were surely intended for tenderer associations than those suggested by pickles or molasses. The double existence to which this species of drawing-room impostor is doomed is not without its trials and temptations. It is physically difficult to follow two different vocations at two different ends of the town: to be docketing invoices at twelve, and lunching in Belgrave-square at two; to trot the Minorities with a black bag, and later to be seen lounging, with the air of a confirmed loungeur, in the Park; to rush in hot haste from an appointment with a bill-broker to an afternoon garden party at Richmond or Fulham. Then there must be a constant temptation to combine business with pleasure, flirting with gain. You are interested in the sale of Bohea, or Assam, or perhaps in a humbler article of commerce, soap. What a vista of possible customers must the festive scene unfold. Those sylph-like forms are all soap consumers; they have parents, and cousins, and friends, and servants, who want soap too; and might you but declare yourself in your saponaceous capacity, yours might be the proud privilege of supplying a lady you admire, and her whole family, with an article warranted pure and unadulterated. The fashionable stock-broker must be still more tempted to turn his advantages to account. As he twirls the calf-like heiress in the giddy waltz, he sees in her nothing but an animated lump of Consols, which his fingers itch to convert into Indian debentures at the very least. How he must long to whisper to her to sell out, and gracefully hint his readiness to pocket the handsome percentage which such an operation would yield. The thought, which rises unbidden, is sternly repressed. It is one thing to put a Guardsman or foreign Count up to "a good thing," which does not after all turn out so very good; and another to victimize unsophisticated woman. A man must have the effrontery of a quack doctor, and the plausibility of years and ugliness to boot, to be able to go on persuading an all-too-confiding dowager to try her luck in the imaginary Golcondas of Cornwall or Wales.

It is amusing to watch the different feelings which have been aroused by the introduction of this commercial element into what is pleased to call itself good society. Already it is beginning to disturb the balance of power in the fashionable community. Hitherto, drawing-room politics have been swayed by two sections—eldest sons and circumlocution clerks. Now, a third party is rising into influence, who may be called Gentlemen Adventurers. In command of money and lavish expenditure makes it popular with the eldest sons, but hated by the small fry of Whitehall, whose well-ascertained impecuniosity makes them rather spiteful. Let us not be too hard on clerkdom. It must be very bitter to a fine young man, conscious perhaps of great gifts, such as a splendid head of hair, to spend ten months of every twelve in copying despatches for a miserable pittance. What wonder if he revenges his wrongs on society by the assumption of a stare of overwhelming insolence? The dowager is simply puzzled. Instinctively suspicious, she dislikes young men whose social credentials are not patent to all the world. For the purpose

of marrying a daughter, it is highly convenient to bisect one's male acquaintance into eligibles and ineligibles, men to be snubbed and men to be toadied, men to be hunted and men to be scared. Persons who belong to neither class entirely, who unite some of the qualifications of the one to some of the deficiencies of the other, are a source of perplexity. The haziness of her ideas about the City enhances her uneasiness. Rothschild she knows, and the Mansion House she has dined at; but who and what are these butterfly traders, whose names suggest the *Peerage* rather than the *Directory*? Are they men of substance, or straw? Can they make a satisfactory settlement? Is there no danger of their failing, and her dear girl's portion becoming assets in a bankruptcy? Are they, in short, to be treated with rudeness, affability, or reserve? A register-office, in which all good-looking young men reputed to be in business were compelled to enter their employment and annual profits, would afford immense relief to the dowager mind. There is another class of ladies who feel none of these scruples. The semi-detached wives, who are the scandal of our modern society, are delighted to catch a City man in their meshes. They are never more characteristically employed than in fleecing a rich simpleton. So long as he can provide gloves and jewellery, so long as he can place a mail-phaeton and a yacht at their disposal, they care not how much his money may smell of the counter. They would spend it quite as freely if it were the proceeds of the slave-trade.

The effect of this Belgravian invasion of the City is curiously traceable in the changed character and altered ways of its original and legitimate denizens. It has opened their minds to a good many new truths. Hitherto they have been taught that the grand object of life is to make money; now they are learning how to spend it. The motto of the City, from the time of Whittington downwards, has been Industry and Thrift; now it is Pleasure and Show. The ideas of the John Gilpin régime are passing away. A snuggery at Highgate or Clapham no longer represents the quintessence of human felicity. A seat on the top of the Peckham omnibus has ceased to be respectable. Larger, grander, costlier views of life prevail. The modern cit disdains to take the air in the modest fashion described by Cowper; he bestrides a thorough-bred, or drives a pair of high-steppers. He is a patron of the drama. We hear his name coupled with those of pretty actresses and favourite *dansesuses*. It is inscribed in the lobby of the Opera House. His hunters stand at Melton; his moor is the choicest in Scotland. He even cuts a figure in the sporting world, and is not unknown to Newmarket and Baden. There are probably a few old fogies who sigh for the simple life and primitive habits of a former day. Let them reflect that the present state of things is in great measure a reaction from that narrow and joyless groove in which the City and its ideas have for centuries run. There is a long arrears of dulness against it to be cleared away. Absorbed in gain, it has thought far too little of enjoying life. In its present plethoric state of prosperity, a little timely blood-letting will do it no harm.

CRAM.

THERE is nothing upon which most advocates of rational education look with more horror than the development of the modern art of cramming. It is the evil which infests most pertinaciously the whole system of competitive examinations. It is to them what the art of adulteration is to commerce; as competition increases it becomes more worth while to find some cheap substitute for the genuine ingredients of beer or of historical knowledge. The further the area of examination extends, the greater becomes the difficulty of ensuring the efficiency of the scrutiny. In those modern schemes where the ideal pupil is to be a youth who at the age of twenty knows everything from metaphysics to the rule of three, it is the interest of each candidate to spare his brains as much as possible, and to make the greatest show with the least exertion in the greatest number of subjects. Of course, a very large proportion of the knowledge so acquired disappears as rapidly as it has been gained. At Cambridge, where cram has been carried to a high degree of perfection in the past examinations, a candidate for the Littlego used in former days to suspend in his rooms a large sheet of paper into which were compressed, or supposed to be compressed, the whole evidences of the Christian religion. By running over in his head certain cabalistic symbols, combined into hexameter verses, the examinee could call up the various cut and dry arguments by which the credibility of the Gospels was established. Of course, the youthful defenders of the faith thus prepared were very insufficiently armed. By the time they had developed into country clergymen they had forgotten every scrap of information acquired, and were as little able as their neighbours to bring any tremendous logical batteries to bear upon infidel assailants. The mere insufficiency of the knowledge thus obtained was a small part of the injury done. The whole standard of education was lowered. The students were taught the practice of putting off false intellectual coinage for genuine; they lost the taste for laborious habits of thought; and, if they originally possessed any appetite for knowledge, they were probably so disgusted with the inferior stuff passed off upon them for substantial food, that they were revolted ever afterwards at the very name of learning. It brought up associations of mechanical drudgery, instead of intelligent labour. In most bad practices, however, an ingenious mind can discover some

compensating principle. According to the hacknied examples, people who studied alchemy and astrology were guilty of great folly, but they incidentally discovered some valuable truths; and it is possible that in the practice of systematic adulteration some chemical discoveries may turn up, or that some otherwise useless materials may be turned to account. This does not, indeed, atone for the cheating and poisoning which is the direct result of the practice; but we need not shut our eyes to the small accompanying advantages. And we are therefore not surprised that Mr. Maine has lately pointed out at Calcutta that some good ends may be served by the crammers. No animal, however noxious in appearance, is quite without his use, and we may perhaps discover by due attention the final cause of beings whose immediate purpose seems to be the corruption of the youthful intellect. Considering the rapid growth of the system of competitive examinations, and the elaborate methods by which early candidates are now forced for the market, we should certainly be pleased to discover that some good result may be obtained from the practice; for, good or bad, it is far more likely to receive further development than to be put down.

The examination system resembles, in one respect, the battle between guns and armour-plates. Every new discovery in defence calls forth a corresponding device for attack. The examiner invents some new variety of question, or applies some more stringent test, and the crammer immediately sets about discovering some way of circumventing his efforts. The examiner tries to aim his questions at new points of attack; the crammer tries to foresee his schemes, as the skilful hunter anticipates the place at which his game will break cover. The examiner introduces some hitherto unhacknied subject; the crammer immediately reduces it to a set of cut and dry propositions fit for the consumption of stupid pupils. There are some topics in which the examiner has so little choice of a line of action that he cannot be certain of eluding his adversary; but, fortunately, there are others where no skill will enable false knowledge to pass itself off for genuine. The main distinction for this purpose is between such subjects as history, where nothing but a knowledge of facts is required, and those where the competitors have to exhibit, not merely memory, but some intellectual acquirement. Of the last kind, for example, are original mathematical problems or classical composition, in either of which cram can be of very little service. The disposition of the best examiners is, therefore, to eliminate as much as possible the former kind of tests, and to restrict themselves to the latter. No one, for example, can be taught to write good Latin prose in six months; it requires the unwearied labour of years, and a genuine familiarity with the resources of the language. If there were any probability that crammers could turn out youths capable of competing successfully in such contests within a shorter period than has hitherto been allowed, they would have made a real educational discovery. They would have proved that they could not merely enable a man to retain a certain number of facts in his memory, but that they could enable him to turn them to some real account. They would have strengthened his faculties up to a certain point, instead of merely burdening them with a weight which he could cast off directly the trial was over. The only objection would be that the strain might possibly produce injurious effects. The man might be injured like a horse who is made to run severe races before his strength is fully developed. Unluckily, however, the crammers generally seek for easier triumphs than these. They know that in the short period of preparation allowed to them they can produce more showy results with less expenditure of labour. Like the farmer in a new country, they prefer raising a scanty crop over a large surface to any thorough methods of cultivation. Consequently, they concentrate their efforts upon that part of the examination where it is more difficult to discriminate between different qualities of knowledge. They force into the mind such a smattering of French or German as the desperate British tourist sometimes improvises in foreign parts. They pick out those mathematical rules which can be stated by an ignorant person with the least risk of exposure. They especially revel in little abstracts of historical information, because it is really difficult to discover whether the knowledge of dates and genealogies is a result of wide reading or of the judicious imbibition of two or three selected formulae. The relation of crammers to pupils is like that of the fairies in the *Arabian Nights* to their favourites; the fairy bestows three or four mysterious talismans, each of which turns out to be useful by some extraordinary coincidence at the right moment; but the favoured person has not the smallest understanding of the *rationale* of the fairy's proceedings.

When cramming is defined to be the art of communicating knowledge quickly, this is the process intended to be described. The mental faculties do not receive any discipline; the learner is not trained to use the weapons put into his hands; he is only instructed to go through such a set of motions as may deceive a cursory observer. And as far as cram is to be considered as a substitute for more thorough modes of education, it must be considered to be an almost unmitigated evil. Taken by itself, however, we may admit that the talent which it tends to develop is one not altogether useless, although of a comparatively low order. A readiness to acquire superficial knowledge, and to make it supply the place of thorough information, is undoubtedly a useful faculty. A lawyer who can get up any branch of human knowledge sufficiently to impose for a time upon the persons interested, or a statesman who is capable of impressing a deputation

from any particular section of society with the belief that their interests occupy the very first place in his mind, possesses a talent which is undeniably useful to himself. It would generally be denied that it is of much use to anybody else. But, after all, we should get on very badly if superficial knowledge were to be proscribed, and no man were to be permitted to talk about what he did not understand. Some people may best discharge their duty by absorbing information with the pertinacity of a German professor. Others may act as mere temporary resting-places for knowledge; it may be reflected off them on to other minds without producing any permanent result on the intermediate point of incidence. A good many articles are written about foreign affairs just now, which are palpably the result of mere cram; but it is probably better that people should gratify their interest in Italy and Austria even in this form than that they should become indifferent. A man who crams some scientific theory for use in a popular lecture, and forgets it as soon as he has done with it, has really done some service to mankind. He has helped, amongst other things, so far as he could, to increase the prestige of science in partially educated minds. The genuine teacher, of whom he is an imperfect imitation, looks down upon him with contempt, but perhaps owes more to him than he thinks. In a time when it is becoming daily more difficult to gain a real mastery over any particular department of learning, this art of cramming also becomes daily more convenient. It requires, for example, immense research to enable a man to speak with genuine authority upon many historical questions, where knowledge has been constantly accumulating. If no one was to be allowed to assume the general results which had not gone through the process by which they were obtained, the increased learning would perish under its own weight. But this is the very definition of the higher art of cramming. It is intended to increase the power of using the labour of other people, without going through the labour oneself. The dexterity and versatility of mind required is not a very lofty quality, but it is one which has its practical use in the present state of the world. If the systematic crammers really encouraged it, and if their encouragement was not bestowed at the expense of more valuable mental powers, we should not seriously complain of them; within those limits we may allow that they are really making useful experiments in education. Unluckily, too many of their plans seem calculated rather to lower the intellectual activity of their pupils, by sparing them every kind of trouble, than to encourage even this minor kind of facility. And too many of the pupils make themselves mere passive machines, to be manipulated by their tutors, and thus fail to understand even the lessons which they might legitimately learn from a questionable method of instruction.

BRIBERY.

IT is not wonderful that the House of Commons should be startled by the gross delinquency of Totnes, Yarmouth, Lancaster, and Wakefield, and should seek to stop the flagrant scandal by a rigid inquiry. The appointment of the Commissions is a natural effort to "do something." The evil is as anomalous as it is widespread. Here is the House of Commons absorbed for a whole fortnight together in a debate about the extension of the franchise; a large body of men in the House are declaiming on the right of their fellow-countrymen to possess votes, and large associations of men out of the House are agitating for this right, as if it were the highest function of an intelligent being to have a twenty-thousandth share in electing a member of Parliament. Concurrently with all this we have, day after day, revelations of the most astounding venality on the part of that very class which, its friends affirm, is insufficiently represented, and ought to obtain a greater share in the national suffrage. While Mr. Gladstone and his imitators are alternately be-lauding the virtues and magnifying the powers of the working-classes, the working-classes themselves are peaching on one another, and disclosing the little manoeuvres by which they were severally induced to take their retaining fees of 10*l.* or 15*l.* or more, according to the emergency of each particular election. It certainly is a very curious spectacle, and one that suggests reflections not the most flattering to electoral nature. If the exercise of the suffrage is a public trust—a trust held by every voter for the common good—then there can be no question but that every man who sells his vote for money betrays his trust in the most shameless way. And this is the view which the law takes of it. We have Acts upon Acts for punishing the authors and agents of bribery. If the member is not detected bribing, but if he can, even in the most indirect way, be connected with any one who bribed in his name, he is unseated at once, and even then is not exempt from further penalties. His agents are liable to prosecution and punishment, and, in extreme cases, the borough which has been won by corruption may be doomed to a more or less protracted disfranchisement. All this is as well known as the names of the competing candidates themselves. Yet every Act upon the subject is systematically and repeatedly violated. Treating is forbidden; but still, for days preceding and for days following the election, every voter is swilling gin, ale, and brandy at the expense of persons who are never proved to be agents. Day after day the smaller householders are guzzling and drinking, rioting and debauching, and showing sovereigns and half-sovereigns which it requires a double power of detection or of treachery to trace to the agents of either candidate. It is only, or chiefly, when some startling act of munificent generosity has

been committed that the hand of the tempter is descried. When a bill long overdue or rent long unpaid is unexpectedly liquidated, then somehow it creeps out that the amount was supplied by some electoral Mephistopheles to some borough Faust. As to the frequency of the corruption, and the uselessness of the legal penalties, there can be no doubt. The only wonder is that, while all this is going on, persons can be found to plead the virtues of the existing small voters as a pretext for increasing their numbers and their power. At the same time, certain theorists, whose opinion of this class is not very high, believe that the best remedy for the evil is to increase the area of corruption until it is too broad for the widest purse. Their idea is that a small borough is necessarily venal. Every voter in it is known, and has his price; and the aggregate price of all the voters is within the means of what is called an eligible candidate. But, say they, multiply the voters considerably; have constituencies, not of 400 or 500 men, but of 5,000 or 10,000; and no candidate will be found able to bribe such dense masses. That this is a very plausible theory, we admit; but nevertheless it may be feared that if a venal proclivity prevails among the poorer classes of voters, it will be gratified somehow. Mere numbers will exclude neither temptation nor corruption. There will be some difference in the channels and in the receptacles of bribery, but the bribery itself will, we fear, continue to exist. The cleverer men will manipulate their duller fellows. A sort of voting gang will be organized, and the gang-leaders will get the bribes and dole them in petty dribbles among their docile followers. A great many will perhaps go unbribed, but that will be only because the golden shower is intercepted in its fall. The candidates will pay as much as ever. This is on the theory that there is a venal disposition among the lower strata of most constituencies; and this we believe to be the melancholy fact.

Whoever has had to do with a borough election must be pretty well aware that the average 10*l.* householder takes only a languid interest in the ordinary run of political subjects. There are, indeed, subjects in which he would take a lively interest, if they were likely ever to occupy the attention of Parliament; for instance, if Parliament were inclined to take up the scheme of an enactment that no man should work more than eight hours a day and should be paid for ten hours, or that, in times of stagnation, employment should be found and paid for by the Government. In questions of this kind the average voter would take a vivid personal interest, and would probably not allow his views to be warped by any considerations of immediate gain. But on questions of less personal moment we believe that he not only may be, but that he expects to be, bribed. He is not absolutely indifferent to political questions; he has his preferences and his aversions; and he is more inclined to give his vote one way than another. But, after all, his political sympathies are generally languid; he requires to have them stimulated and warmed by personal contact with his favourite candidate, and by those palpable tokens of gratitude which reward services to come. In a word, he expects to have a share in "whatever is going"; he regards the franchise as something to make money by. The occasion does not come, like Christmas, once a year, but only once in three or four years; and he feels that he would be doing an injustice to himself and his family to let it go without profiting by it. He sees two or three fine London gentlemen bawling themselves hoarse on the hustings to catch his vote; they differ in all other respects, but agree in telling him that he is an embodiment of the highest virtues proper to humanity. There can be no doubt that they are terribly in earnest about attaining the object of their struggle. The elector naturally infers that what these gentlemen are so anxious to get must be worth a deal of money to them. He has a sort of sluggish sympathy with one candidate or pair of candidates more than another; but it is not so strong as to overpower all other considerations. He sees that every vote is valuable; his own may make some difference in the result; but his rent is unpaid, he is in arrear for his rates, his wife has set her heart on a new dress, his eldest daughter has set hers on a new bonnet, his eldest son has been laid up in hospital for the last six weeks, and will require money to buy fresh tools before going to work again; besides, the last "mate" that lodged with him went away owing him three weeks' rent; altogether, he is in a bad way. Ten pounds would be a great convenience to him; twenty pounds would set him on his feet again. If he is a Totnes elector, he may aspire to 200*l.* Would it not be foolish to lose twenty pounds—or at Totnes 200*l.*—when his mates and neighbours are getting it by voting for their own man? Besides, what difference will it make? How will the country be affected by his taking money? Will not the sun rise, and the rain fall, and the harvest ripen, as usual? Will his vote make the difference of peace or war, prosperity or distress, Reform or no-Reform? Not a bit of it; the country will go on just the same, the Queen will reign, the Parliament will talk, taxes will be paid and grumbled at, just as if he had voted in pure, simple, gratuitous enthusiasm.

So reason many of the ten-pounders. It is not a very elevated mode of reasoning; it hardly corresponds with the ideal of the suffrage; it is quite against the law; and it is consistent only with a lax interpretation of the Radical axiom that, in England, we all care more for governing ourselves anyhow than for being governed well by others. Yet, however low the sentiment may be, it is, not indeed universal, but so very general among the constituencies of small boroughs that it is useless to speculate either on extirpating venality by the punishment of those who are bribed, or on swamping it by the multiplication of those who are bribable. Suppose Totnes, Great Yarmouth, Lancaster, and

half a dozen other boroughs which will probably be submitted to the ordeal of Commissions within the next few weeks, to be disfranchised for the remainder of the Session. Does any one expect that the restoration of the franchise would find them less corrupt? Are Wakefield and Gloucester purified by their temporary punishment? or would not the intermediate privation make the expected sop more luscious when it came? As to the other notion, that of swamping corruption by numbers, we can only appeal to the example of the United States. There, where almost every male adult has a vote, and votes by ballot too, elections are not always carried without gross bribery. It is true that the candidates themselves, being generally political adventurers not of the highest character, are too poor to buy votes; but votes are bought. Money is subscribed by the partisans of either candidate, and distributed according to the wants and the venality of the constituents. It is not improbable that in this country the creation of immense constituencies might in many cases be followed by the organization of clubs, headed by the more intelligent of the voters, and subsidized by the leading partisans of the town. On the whole, we are not sanguine that Commissions, prosecutions, or disfranchisement will put down this flagrant evil. It does not offend the moral sense of the majority of the persons most affected by it. It is an unequal contest to pit a hungry stomach against a plethoric purse. And so long as there exists on one side a whole army of Australian or Indian millionaires, or rich contractors and grocers, panting to push their way through Parliament into "high society," and on the other side a larger army of poor men, anxious for relief from pecuniary pressure, so long will means be found to bring about a pleasant understanding between the two. Nothing short of a punishment which should reach every giver and every receiver of a bribe could effectually stop this great scandal. Whether the Committees now sitting or the Commissions about to be appointed will succeed in suggesting to the Legislature a code at once certain, severe, and reformatory, is, to say the least, highly problematical.

THE LAST CATTLE PLAGUE ORDERS.

IF the Lords of the Council were animated by a set purpose to drive the magistrates and farmers of England fairly out of their wits, they could not have hit upon a better means for the purpose than their order of March 24th. That order has now been at work for two or three weeks, and its utterly vexatious and impracticable character is by this time pretty well felt. It is not enough to have set the counties and boroughs together by the ears, by giving a definition of the word "borough" directly in the teeth of that given by the Act of Parliament; that matter has been set at rest by a still later Act, which confirms the order, and which may be taken as a bill of indemnity for the Privy Council. But it has been thought necessary besides this to torment the country by suggesting and, on some points, enforcing a form of licence which seems expressly designed to give both those who grant and those who receive licences the greatest amount of trouble with the least possible amount of reason for it. Up to the publication of this order, each Court of Quarter Sessions could make, subject to the general provisions of the Act of Parliament, such regulations as to the moving of cattle as suited the condition of its own county or even of any part of its own county. And the conditions of different counties are so different, both in themselves and with regard to their immediate danger from the cattle plague, that it was most desirable that there should be a power on the spot capable of adapting its rules to the peculiar circumstances of each district. A Court of Quarter Sessions, sitting by adjournment every fortnight, could from time to time change any regulations that needed changing, and naturally could better understand than a distant and central power what regulations and what forms suited its own district. But suddenly, on several of the most important points, all local legislation is abolished, and all power of local legislation is taken away. One iron form comes down, to be carried out through every part of the country alike. On some points, indeed, there is a power of relaxation; but on others the order must be observed in its fulness. In no case is there any power of making it more stringent. Now what is the order? We are bound to suppose that there is some part of England which it suits, but we are a great deal more certain that there are large parts of England which it does not suit. One thing is plain, that the country for which it is designed must be one where farming is carried on on a large scale, where Justices of the Peace are as plentiful as blackberries, and where the time and labour both of Justices and of farmers are things of absolutely no value whatever. We do not know what part of England this description fits, but we can readily point to many parts which it does not fit. There are parts of England which nearly answer the description of Laish before the Danite invasion, which are certainly almost without magistrates, and which yet, we hope, somehow contrive, like the rulerless Phœnicians, to live quiet and secure. We know regions where it is hardly rarer to run down a bastard than to stumble on a Justice of the Peace. And there are regions where occupiers of a hundred acres and more are hardly easier to be found than their worshipers themselves. In a primitive region, where holdings are small and magistrates scarce, the order breaks down at once. Let us describe the process to be followed when the order is carried out in its fulness. The unhappy man who wants to move his cattle must first go to the Justice and make a

declaration. Instead of the Justice, he may indeed go to the Justice's Clerk, but as, even in the land of Laish, Justices' Clerks are in the nature of things still rarer than Justices, this alternative hardly lightens the burden. He goes then to the Justice, makes his declaration, and probably finds that, if he speaks the truth, he can get no further, and his cattle cannot be moved. He may be able to show that they are perfectly healthy, that there is no disease for miles round, that his cattle have never been near any infected place in their lives; but this is not enough. He must declare that they have been twenty-eight days on the same premises and have not been in contact with any newly purchased cattle. The cattle are in a perfectly healthy spot, to which they were moved from another perfectly healthy spot three weeks before. But they have not been twenty-eight days on the same premises, and they cannot be moved. If there be as little for them to eat as there was in the days of Ahab and Obadiah, still there they must stay for seven days longer. Or they may have been in one place all the winter, but the owner has bought a cow as healthy as his own of his neighbour hard by; they have therefore been in contact with a newly purchased animal, and must perform their full quarantine of twenty-eight days. Day after day magistrates must either connive at breaches of the law or violations of truth, or else must refuse licences on these purely technical grounds, in cases where, under the local orders, they could have been granted without difficulty. But supposing by some good luck the farmer gets through this strait, supposing he can honestly make the required declaration, he then makes it in form before the Justice. He must now set forth again to find two occupiers of land to testify to the good health of his beasts and to the healthiness of the district where they are. But all occupiers will not do. Many a worthy and independent elector will not do. A 40s. freeholder will not do; a 14s. man under the new Reform Bill, even a 50s. man under the old Reform Bill, will not do; many of the Justices themselves, authorized as they are to give licences, are not qualified to give a certificate on which a licence can be granted. The two occupiers of land must each occupy 100 acres; an occupier of 99 is utterly untrustworthy. Now, in many parts of the country, it is really hard to catch two such occupiers at a moment's notice—occupiers of the full amount and personally acquainted with these particular cows and oxen. But if our friend is successful in finding them, he returns to the Justice, who at last is authorized to issue the licence. A long and complicated form has to be filled up, which gives the Justice abundant practice in the signature of his own name, and the happy securer of the licence may at last depart in peace.

Now, on some of these points, relaxation is allowed. The number of acres necessary to be held by the granter of a certificate may be reduced, and so may the number of days. But on one point no variation is allowed. The licence is necessary in every case where animals are to be moved 500 yards along a highway. Under the local orders, the limit chosen was commonly some well-understood local division, as a parish or a petty sessional division. Cattle might be freely moved within the prescribed district; to go beyond it they needed a pass. This rule lay under the objection inherent in all rules founded on local divisions, namely, that anomalies were produced in border districts. A man living in a corner of a large parish might have full liberty to move cattle to some distant place to which he never had any need to move them, while he needed a licence to move them to some place close to his own door, and with which he had dealings daily. But anomalies of this sort simply show the unavoidable imperfection of all human legislation. And the old rules had the great advantage of being universally intelligible. Everybody knew in what parish he was; therefore everybody knew whether he wanted a licence or not. But who knows whether a given gate is more or less than 500 yards from another gate? Who is to be the measurer? Miles are marked, at least on turnpike roads, but everything smaller is guess-work. And for most human purposes the guess-work does very well. But it becomes serious when it is lawful to go 500 yards, but a matter of a 20f. fine to go 501 yards.

Lastly there comes the question of hides, one of the most important of all. The moving of hides requires at least as much caution, and should be put under at least as stringent regulations, as the moving of the cattle themselves. In many places where the plague has broken out without any apparent cause, where it has appeared in isolated districts without any contact with diseased animals, its introduction has been traced to the smuggling in of hides. In local hands, the hides were, according to the dictates of common sense, dealt with very much as the beasts themselves were dealt with. They needed licences in the same way; whenever there was the least suspicion, the magistrate could stop them beforehand by refusing the licence. But, by the new order, hides which do not actually come out of infected districts may be moved freely, provided only they are "effectually covered." What is meant by "effectually covered" no man can tell; there may be as many opinions as there are magistrates as to what constitutes an effectual covering. And on this point local authorities can do nothing. They cannot make things more stringent, and they must sit still and let the hides pass. Coupled with this is the strange provision that "the burden of proving that any hides, &c. are such as are authorized by this regulation to be removed shall lie upon the person charged with moving the same in contravention of this order." This is certainly not the usual course of justice, and it may lead to endless difficulties. Under the system of licences justice can take its

ordinary course. The presence or absence of the licence was the standard; the licence was answer enough to any charge, unless there was any reason to suspect that the licence was fraudulently obtained or used. And in this case of course the burden of proof lay with the accuser. By the order the hides may be lawfully removed, yet any one removing hides may be charged, with or without reasonable suspicion, of a contravention of the order, and he is to be held guilty till he can prove himself innocent.

Altogether we cannot but think that we got on better, in this matter of cattle plague, when local knowledge was allowed to make fitting regulations for local necessities. It is hardly dignified in the Privy Council to send down one set of uniform instructions, with a power of alteration on certain points. If the order on those points may be changed by local authorities, it would surely have been better to leave legislation on those points to the local authorities. It puts the Privy Council in a rather humiliating position when a local authority first tries the order as it actually stands, and then, finding it utterly worthless, changes it as far as it may. As for the points reserved, we can only say that the centralizing system has merely brought in a vast deal of needless annoyance in the matter of removing cattle, and has opened a door for an infinite amount of danger in the matter of removing hides.

THE NEWSPAPER JANUS.

ONE or two newspapers have begun the very useful and instructive practice of devoting a couple of columns every day or every week to setting forth the opinions of contemporary journals. Like the animals in a happy family, the most wildly discordant views are thus congregated together in exemplary tranquillity. The old-fashioned Tory and the new-fangled Radical, the moderate Liberal and the socialistic Red, each has his say peaceably, and is forced for the moment to let his bitter foe have his say too. The reader gets the poison and the antidote together. A violent opinion on one side is no sooner mastered than he finds himself face to face with an equally violent opinion on the other. As a rule, in nine questions out of ten, both sides alike abstain from argument and reasoning, and content themselves with repeated iterations of a little stock of assertions which decently pass muster for argument. The popularity of this new practice of making an anthology of newspaper opinions may be interpreted in various ways. It may indicate a mere mischievous delight on the part of the reader at seeing with what inimitable confidence the law is laid down upon all things in heaven and earth, and with diametrically opposed conclusions. One writer is as sublimely unconscious that a different view from that which he is good enough to patronize has been or may be maintained, as another is that there is a single thing to be said for an opinion which he is opposing. Either style is amusing enough to a philosophic onlooker. On the whole, perhaps, the first is the funnier of the two, because the impudence of shutting your eyes absolutely to the existence of people who do not think with you is obviously greater than the impudence of shutting your eyes merely to the nature of the defence which they make for their position. In either case we are brought to the same dogmatic positiveness of conclusion. The museum of newspaper opinions contains statements equally authoritative on every possible side of a question, and all of which except one must be untrue. One effect of the habitual contemplation of the contents of this museum, apart from the unwholesome pleasure it may give to the too cynical mind, must be to shake the fidelity of those simple souls who have been accustomed for years to swear by some particular paper. This column of conflicting opinion must be, to such persons as these, what newspapers themselves have been to the public at large. It must widen their intelligence, by exhibiting whole worlds of ideas to which they have hitherto been strangers; including the pre-eminently wonderful idea of all, that it is possible to look at most affairs, not merely in two, but in a score of ways. Most people stick to their newspaper for years, just as old ladies stick to their parson for years and declare that he is the best of possible parsons. It requires a great deal to shake this extraordinary allegiance. Who can wonder that this should be so? People who are not accustomed to it cannot guess what a huge comfort it is to know beforehand, with full assurance and with a nice precision, the particular line which your paper will take up on any given question. It saves a world of mental wear and tear. One can easily and heartily sympathize with the man in the story who took up, without recognising his mistake, the "reptile contemporary" of his favourite journal, and thought he must be standing on his head, or else that the editor had been struck with temporary delirium, when he found the Minister who was usually extolled up to heaven thrust down into the nethermost hell. The plain folk, the men not of one book, but of one newspaper, do not understand the finicking vagaries of people who won't make up their minds to take a side and then to keep it through thick and thin. And it simplifies matters, from this point of view, if you decide less upon principles than upon men. To obtain perfect peace and confidence, one ought to fix upon some statesman in politics and some bishop in Church controversies, and say ditto to all that the statesman or the bishop says. Following principles is ticklish work. It is like misery, and sometimes makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. Besides, it really involves a good deal of trouble to be for ever testing and measuring everything that comes before one by reference to a set of general convictions. It is so much simpler to go in for men than it is to worry oneself

about measures. Hence, if a newspaper chops and changes about, and declines to believe either that no good can come out of Nazareth, or that nothing but good things come out of it, such a course creates a good deal of confusion in the minds of the simple. A new notion may perhaps be borne in upon readers of this stamp, if they get into a way of reading a collection of opinions every day, all equally oracular and each widely divergent from the other. For though it is a good thing for brethren to dwell in unity together, it is well that in the press, as in the case of all other powerful agencies for the generation and direction of public opinion, there should be as little dwelling in unity as possible. Here the old saying, *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achiivi*, proves inapplicable. The more the royal leaders of opinion rage furiously, the healthier it is for those who are led, because, thanks to the dissensions of their guides, they are not all led one way. We certainly do not mean to say that it is a good thing for the leaders to spend their energies in mere personal abuse and revilings, or in silly vaunts, after the manner of the three tailors of Tooley Street. Provided, however, this is absent, one can scarcely object to have conflicting doctrines all put in their strongest form, and their incompatibility with one another shown in the clearest light. The reader is forced to learn to make his choice, unless, indeed, he follows the more obvious method of making it a rule to give his vote for the last speaker. In such cases as this, fortunately, the vote does not tell for much, because in the formation of general opinion the votes of men are weighed as well as counted, and a vote given on the principle of tossing up counts for one, and no more.

It may be thought that the almost ludicrously startling way in which this new device presents the tremendous differences of opinion among public writers must tend to lessen all journalistic influence, and that in fact it will result in a realization of the fable of the Kilkenny cats. Seeing these irreconcilable differences, readers will fall into a condition of downright and universal scepticism on the subject of leading articles. The utter inability to discern truth amid the newspaper Babel will plunge the distracted inquirer into sheer unbelief. The wisdom of the mystic "We" will cease to impress him, as the phantom Mrs. Harris ceased to impress Mrs. Gamp. Last week, for example, the uproar in the catholic and open column upon the subject of Mr. Lowe's speech was appalling. The speech was a tissue of fustian sophisms. It was a piece of close, unanswerable logic. It was wonderful how the House could endure with patience the spectacle of so depraved and corrupt an intellect. Such a splendid intellectual effort had never before been beheld in the British House of Commons. Mr. Lowe was a shallow, cold-blooded pedant, who fancied that he could console the patient, earnest, downtrodden sons of toil by scraps of worn-out old dreamers like Aristotle. He was a deep thinker, who combined a wide practical experience of the world with a ripe knowledge of all that the wisdom of past ages has accumulated for our instruction. He was a Tory bravo; a courageous Liberal; a renegade; the only true interpreter of the principles of his party. And so on. Is it possible that the world will continue to revere guides, philosophers, and friends who let such angry passions rise, and whose guidance and philosophy lead so positively to such inconsistent precepts and such intolerant practice? Of course just the same scene takes place whenever any large question engages public attention, sometimes even in the case of questions wholly unconnected with the strife of political parties. The controversy whether a man may marry his deceased wife's sister elicits the same edifying diversity of sentiment. Such a measure will bring a new peace to the hearth, says one, and the shade of the departed mother will seem to hover over her stricken orphans in the person of her sisterly successor. Why, says another, it is tantamount to "the abolition of aunts," and will defile the purity of the household, where the wife's sister now dwells in peaceful confidence, protected by legislative barriers. To see conflicting views like these set down side by side is uncommonly amusing. But, after all, as one chief object of education is to produce as great a variety and flexibility of ideas as may be, the notion of giving us the ideas in a mass, in all their mutual discordance, may prove as useful as any feature in the press.

THE REBUILDING OF THE TUILERIES.

IT is now understood in Paris that the Emperor intends gradually to pull down the whole palace of the Tuileries, and rebuild it with a magnificence in accordance with the massive and ornate pavilions of the new Louvre. The project will no doubt involve an immense outlay, and yet we cannot consider it unreasonable. The Tuileries is the most inconvenient palace in Europe; indeed, it is not too much to say that no English gentleman would endure in his own house the awkward communication and insufficient accommodation which so many French sovereigns have patiently put up with in their town residence. When Catherine de Medicis built her house where the tile-kilns had been, the edifice was of very moderate dimensions, and, as a Renaissance palace, quite complete in its way. It consisted of a central pavilion, smaller and lower than the present one, two wings, and two smaller pavilions, one at each end. No doubt Philibert de l'Orme and Jean Bulan took care to arrange the interior conveniently, and the outside looked well enough in times when the Louvre, so far from being a portion of the same building, was not even visible from it. But under

Henri IV. and subsequent sovereigns the well-proportioned little palace of Catherine de Medicis was enlarged by additional wings and pavilions; and though François d'Orbay gave it greater height in 1664 from designs of Louis de Vau, it has ever since been low for its length, and the central pavilion (de l'Horloge) has been far too insignificant to sustain such a prodigious development of wing. The building is a mere curtain, and much of its apparent extent, as compared with Buckingham Palace, is due to its want of depth. The breadth of a single hall represents the thickness of the structure, and such is the want of independent communication inside, that we have been told on very good authority that the inhabitants have sometimes to make their way from one end to the other by going out of doors in a carriage. The state-rooms are magnificent, and the private Imperial apartments, if we may judge from the careful water-colour drawings of M. Fournier, are very pleasant and comfortable; but persons of inferior consequence are said to be lodged less commodiously than the habits of modern times, and the splendour of the Imperial Court, would lead them to expect.

These architectural and constructive defects existed, no doubt, under former reigns, but they have been recently brought into far greater prominence by the erection of the new buildings which complete the connection between the Louvre and the Tuileries. These buildings have many faults of their own, but they also possess qualities of a kind very injurious to the residence of the Emperor. They are so massive, so charged with ornament, so extravagantly sumptuous, that they would kill works of far greater artistic merit, and have reduced the Tuileries, as seen from the Place du Carrousel, to a mere line of quite commonplace mason's work. Every addition to the original design of Philbert de l'Orme has been an injury to it, but the new Louvre of M. Visconti is more than injury—it is annihilation.

It is a favourite practice of M. Thiers, before or after telling his readers the one thing which his hero really did, to expatiate on the five or six other things any one of which, under the circumstances, he as easily might have done. We feel tempted, in this instance, to follow the historian's example by showing three or four ways in which the Emperor's architectural difficulties might have been avoided. When Catherine de Medicis built the Tuileries, there was as little idea of uniting that palace with the Louvre as there is at present of uniting Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House. Hence it never occurred to Philbert de l'Orme to have his façade parallel with the colonnade of the Louvre, and he built it at such an angle that their lines, if prolonged, would meet somewhere in the direction of Montmartre, forming a triangle with the Seine for its base. But when the two palaces were united on the river side by that wonderful long gallery which all art-students have either seen or heard of, this absence of parallelism became visible as a defect, and subsequent cumbrous attempts to hide it have only made it the more obtrusively obvious. The angle formed by the junction of the Tuileries and the long gallery of the Louvre at the Pavillon de Flore is acute, and the whole quadrangle is irregular.

M. Visconti had a project in his portfolio for twenty years, which he was in the habit of offering to successive Governments, and which at length found acceptance at the hands of Napoleon III. The great practical object of this scheme was to hide the absence of parallelism; and to accomplish this M. Visconti erected two immense wings inside the quadrangle coming from the Louvre towards the Tuileries, but ending abruptly in the Place du Carrousel, where they rejoin the line of building in the Rue de Rivoli and the long gallery by the Seine—the angles, in neither case a right angle, being crowned by heavy pavilions. Every reader who has visited Paris during the last ten years will remember these singular edifices, with their massive arcades covered with sculpture and crowned with rows of colossal stone statues of French notabilities. They have several evident disadvantages. In the first place, considered with reference to the Louvre, and as wings, they are far too long, forming a sort of street or *cul de sac* at the end of which stands the Louvre, diminished by perspective (when you are far enough off in the Place du Carrousel to see the wings completely) to a mere barrier wall of comparative little architectural importance; while the single pavilion in the middle is crushed by no less than six pavilions in the wings, of which two are more important than itself. What most clearly establishes Visconti's ignorance of the commonest necessities of composition is that he actually conceived it possible at first to leave the old back wall of the Louvre visible as a centre, merely fixing a few bits of sculpture upon it as a relief to its bare and miserable surface. He seems to have had no notion of the destructive effect of contrast. He seems to have imagined that richness had no active operation beyond its proper prestige; he seems to have thought that superlative magnificence might be set beside comparative simplicity, and not endow it with the conspicuousness of poverty. Persons who have no confidence in great artistic principles may, however, yet be sensible to their own violations of them; and this error was to some extent corrected by removing the experimental ornaments from the Louvre and casing the old wall with a new stone front in a style corresponding to the great wings. But it may be fairly argued, in a case of this kind, that the ornament of the central mass should be even richer than that of the wings, for the reason that perspective concentrates ornament, and these wings can only be seen in perspective, which gives an impression of even more abundant decoration than that which really

exists in proportion to the length of wall. The right policy would have been to give the central mass of the Louvre the advantage of superior height, by keeping the new buildings as low as the Tuileries, whilst its pavilion ought to have been left in solitary grandeur, and its whole front decorated as sumptuously as possible, the new buildings being left as plain as those of Napoleon I. Accepting M. Visconti's device for the concealment of the irregularity of the quadrangle, this, we say, would have been, from the artistic point of view, his most judicious course. But we consider his whole device quite ludicrously inadequate. So far from hiding the defect, it positively makes it plainer. Go towards the Louvre between Visconti's wings, turn round and look at the Tuileries, and Visconti's own lines, instead of guiding your eye to the central pavilion of the Tuileries, lead it to a point south of it, and so mathematically demonstrate the very irregularity they were designed to conceal. We are not, however, disposed to attach so much consequence to this absence of parallelism as Visconti himself did. Not one person in a hundred can tell a moderately obtuse angle from a right angle when he sees it, and we never met with a single tourist who, not having made architecture a study, had from his own observation detected the irregularity of the Place du Carrousel. Half the rooms in Paris have obtuse and acute angles in their corners; the new Hotel du Louvre is full of them, and yet they pass entirely unperceived by the visitors. The fault is really of no consequence, glaring as it is; but if it had been worth while to hide it, there were many ways to choose from. The Place du Carrousel might have been divided into three quadrangles, and the fault carefully distributed within the thickness of the intervening lines of building (which might have diminished gradually from south to north); or an immense oval place might have been built within the square, the irregularities being lost in the smaller courts at the corners; or, finally, the square might have been left to its own shapelessness, with a lofty building in the middle to prevent people from seeing its lines and angles uninterrupted. As it exists at present, the new Louvre is rich and picturesque and barbarous; its very irregularities are agreeable to the eye, and there is much grandeur in the vistas of its long colonnades, and in the various groupings of its huge pavilions.

It is said that when these new works were completed the Emperor was dissatisfied, and exclaimed, "Si je m'en croyais, je ferais tout recommencer." Apparently, one of two things had to be done—either to pull down Visconti's creation or demolish the Tuileries; and it seems that His Majesty has decided for the latter. An excellent pretext for a beginning was afforded by the evidently insecure condition of the Pavillon de Flore (that close to the river) and of a portion of the long gallery contiguous. Fissures were observed in the walls of the pavilion, and that of the gallery leaned ominously over the passers-by. So these were pulled down, and then a little more of the gallery, and yet a little more, till now all that part known by its long fluted pilasters is gone; and the reconstruction is already advancing rapidly without long pilasters, and in the style of the older part near the Louvre, begun under the reign of Charles IX. It is believed that the demolition will continue until this part is reached, when an uninterrupted front of similar decoration will extend from the Tuileries to the Gallery of Apollo. As to the Tuileries itself, the demolition and reconstruction are expected to proceed very slowly, advancing from the Pavillon de Flore to the Rue de Rivoli, and there gradually replacing the still recent and sound, but comparatively simple, line of building which now extends from the garden to the new Louvre.

From one point of view this project will be looked upon with unmixed regret. The Tuileries is the most interesting historical palace in Europe, and on these grounds an effort ought to have been made to save it. The architectural requirements of the Place du Carrousel, and the convenience of the Imperial Court, might both, we should think, be satisfied and provided for by the erection of a new line of building behind the historical palace, which would at once double its accommodation and hide it from the eyes of visitors dazzled by the glories of Visconti's Louvre. But considerations of economy and a regard for historical associations do not seem to be much in the Emperor's way, and the temptation to give himself a magnificent new house is likely to be too strong for them. Whether justly or not, he is now fully credited with this design, and the very *sergents de ville* talk openly of its entire fulfilment as only a question of time.

REVIEWS.

BUSSY-RABUTIN.*

THE disreputable gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article is chiefly known as the author of two works—a libellous romance, entitled *L'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, in which all the personages are realities of his own time, and some "Mémoires," which may be looked upon as part of that vast mass of material available to the student who devotes himself to the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. His other productions are less known, nor have even the "Mémoires" attained the celebrity of *L'Histoire Amoureuse*. A series of short poems, entitled

* *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, par le Comte de Bussy-Rabutin, suivie de la *France Galante*. Édition nouvelle, par M. Auguste Poitevin. Paris: Delahays. 1857.

"Maximes d'Amour," in which the art of love is taught on Ovidian principles, is inserted in the "Mémoires." M. Poitevin, to whom we are indebted for the last edition of the romance, has prefixed to it an ample biography, which embodies all that Bussy has said about himself in the "Mémoires," with amplifications drawn from other sources. In this he has acted judiciously. Bussy, as a figure who lives and moves among the notables of the Fronde, is quite as much an illustration of his own times as the book which he wrote to increase their bad notoriety.

Roger de Rabutin, Count de Bussy, was born at Épiry, in the province of Nivernais, in the year 1618. His father was "mestre de camp," or commander of a regiment of infantry, King's Lieutenant of Nivernais, and Governor of Burgundy. Though Roger was a younger son, a series of untimely deaths made him his father's sole heir, and he soon began to regard himself as a special favourite of fortune—a mistake which his subsequent vicissitudes compelled him to rectify. At the age of nine he was sent with a brother to the Jesuits' College at Autun, and at sixteen went as captain of a company to Lorraine, where, under the tuition of an experienced officer, he distinguished himself at the siege of La Mothe, one of the incidents of the war that ended in the annexation of Lorraine to France. After a short sojourn at the University of Paris, for which his early taste for gunpowder had unfitted him, he rejoined the army, and figured in most of the celebrated campaigns, until his career was stopped by disgrace. In 1638, at the early age of twenty, he became "mestre de camp" of his father's regiment, the old gentleman having sent in his resignation on account of increasing age and infirmities.

A pecuniary transaction of singular shabbiness, which took place even before that date, serves to give a notion of Bussy's moral status. His father, thinking that death approached, had called him to his bedside, and there told him of a certain sum of money which was due from an old friend, and which, though there was then no written evidence of the loan, was perfectly safe, the debtor being a man of indubitable honour. The information was evidently intended to be kept secret, and not to be used till after the death of the elder Rabutin. The father recovered, but the son, having got into a gaming difficulty, remembered the mysterious loan, and, calling upon the debtor, used his knowledge as a means to extort money. This pretty little story is told by Bussy himself in the "Mémoires," and he adds, with considerable naïveté, "On s'étonnera peut-être de ma sincérité." A duel on a trifling occasion, in which Bussy appears to have had right on his side, and which resulted in the death of his antagonist, and an amour, heartless even for an heartless age, with a beautiful widow at Guise, laid the foundation of his reputation for a man of gallantry. He was, moreover, duly trained into a fashionable disbelief in female virtue, by the discourses of Mad. du Hallier (*née des Essarts*), a distant relation, whose conversation turned exclusively on the peccadilloes of her own sex, and who certainly might be regarded as a competent authority on the subject, inasmuch as she had started in life as the mistress of Henry IV., and afterwards became the mistress of Cardinal de Guise. When Bussy made her acquaintance at Châlons in 1639, she was settled down as the wife of François du Hallier, afterwards known as the Marshal de l'Hôpital. Of Madlle. de Romorantin, one of her daughters by the Cardinal, he became deeply enamoured, and probably his suit would have been successful had he not been a degree too clever. Wishing to accelerate his triumph, and deeming that jealousy would well answer his purpose, he flirted with another lady, but with such a bad result that Madlle. de Romorantin was simply disgusted, and would have no more to do with him. For this disappointment he consoled himself, while in garrison at Moulins, by a transient amour with a young countess; but about the same time he derived a less agreeable excitement from the receipt of two royal *lettres de cachet*, complaining of the disorderly conduct of his men, who, it was asserted, not only robbed on the highway, but even committed the heinous crime of *faux-sauvage*—that is to say, contrived to smuggle salt, and thus to evade the *gabelle*. Whether the accusation preferred against him was well founded or not seems a doubtful point. At all events he was taken to the Bastille, where he remained for nearly the first half of 1641. In the meanwhile his regiment was cut to pieces at the Battle of Sedan (more accurately called the Battle of La Marsée), and when released from prison by Cardinal Richelieu on condition of joining it, he could only find a few survivors at Mezières, where they had with difficulty rejoined the army of the Duke de Châtillon. In the year 1643 he married Gabrielle de Toulangeon, a rich kinswoman, by order of his father, who was astonished by his prompt obedience, knowing that at that time he was desperately in love with another cousin who was poor. By seducing the poor cousin about a year afterwards, when he found her married to somebody else, he rewarded himself for his sublime display of filial devotion; but he soon grew tired of his conquest, observing, with respect to the lady—"Plus on la connoissait, moins on avait d'amour pour elle."

In 1644 his father purchased for him the lieutenantancy of a company of light cavalry under the command of the Duke de Condé, and died shortly afterwards, thus leaving vacant the office of King's Lieutenant of Nivernais. Through the intervention of Condé, the elder Rabutin was succeeded by his son, who was also, through the same kindly patronage, appointed a Councillor of State. Being now head of his family, Bussy, with his newly acquired honours, might fairly consider himself somebody, and in 1646 his desire for military glory was gratified by the special praises bestowed upon him by his

patron's son, the Duke d'Enghien (afterwards immortalized as the "Great Condé"), for the part he took in the siege of Marick. At the close of the same year his patron had died, and likewise his wife, leaving him three infant children. More attached than ever to the young Duke de Condé, he accompanied him to Catalonia, had a share in the unfortunate siege of Lerida, and returned with his new patron to the frontiers of Picardy, when the Prince had been recalled thither by Mazarin.

About this time Bussy distinguished himself by an exploit of a kind which, if we may trust the first book of Herodotus, was common enough among ancient Greeks and Asiatics, but which, in more recent times, we associate more readily with the Milesian than with the Frenchman. After having pined for some eighteen months in the sad condition of a widower, he chanced to hear of a young, beautiful, and wealthy widow who belonged to a respectable family of the *bourgeois* class, but whom he was not inclined to despise on that account. "Je cherchais du bien," he tells us, "parce que je savais qu'il servait autant que le mérite à faire obtenir les grands honneurs." The fact that she was worth 80,000 crowns having convinced him that the lady would be an admirable second wife, he scraped an acquaintance with her supposed confessor, contrived to see her twice at church, and found that she was even more beautiful than he had been led to expect. The confessor talked largely of the difficulties that stood in the way of a union, the lady's friends having resolved that she should marry a gentleman of the robe; but he promised to do his best, and Bussy left Paris with a cheerful heart, when he proceeded to join his regiment at Peronne. In about three weeks, however, he received a letter from the worthy confessor, stating that the lady was quite willing to take him for better for worse, but that her relations were still so ill-disposed to the match that it would be expedient to employ a little violence, and save her from a breach with her family by an apparently forcible abduction. This hopeful plan he communicated to his patron, the Great Condé, who liked the notion amazingly, and, to enable him to carry out his scheme, despatched him to Paris with news of the capitulation of Ypres, at the same time promising his protection if Bussy got into trouble, and offering one of his own strongholds as a place to which the lady might be safely carried. In the meanwhile, Madame de Miramion, the lovely creature for whose sake all this plot had been contrived, was utterly ignorant of the whole proceeding, and only knew Bussy by name. Far from wishing to take a second husband, she was mourning over the recent death of the first, to whom she had been tenderly attached; and as for the confessor who had pretended to act as go-between, he had not been her spiritual director for a considerable time. Bussy, at the head of a select body of horsemen, of whom his younger brother was one, stopped the lady as she was riding in a carriage through the Bois de Boulogne with her mother-in-law and two female attendants, clapped six horses to the vehicle, and by main force carried off the whole party, shrieking with all their might and main. He designed to take them to Launay, a stronghold belonging to the Grand Prior of France, situated between Sens and Bray-sur-Seine, preferring this place to Bellegarde, which had been offered by the Prince, and he had provided relays all the way from St. Cloud. When they stopped to change horses, Madame de Miramion displayed new powers of resistance, and cut her hand in snatching one of the swords of her ravishers by the blade. Bussy, who attributed her violence to the presence of her mother-in-law, dropped that lady, with one of the attendants, in the forest of Livry; but though he succeeded in reaching Launay with his prey, Madame de Miramion firmly refused to alight, the sight of the castle, the drawbridge, and 200 armed gentlemen who had joined Bussy greatly increasing her terror. At last Bussy's friends, who had presumed that she was a willing fugitive, began to murmur, and one of them, a Knight of Malta, promised her his protection. Reluctantly she consented to rest in one of the lower rooms, securing two loaded pistols, which she perceived on the table, as weapons in case of need. She now learned, through the intervention of her protector, who produced the confessor's letters, that Bussy had been more sinned against than sinning; but when Bussy himself appeared, with protestations of the most devoted love, she vehemently vowed that she would never marry him, and insisted on an immediate release. As the affair had already made a noise in the neighbourhood, and Launay was already threatened with a siege by the "Archers des Gabelles"—an armed force organized for the collection of the salt-duty—Bussy felt that he must abandon his design, and he accordingly sent the lady to Sens, as the nearest town, escorted by three of his party. The victory at Lens, which brought so much glory to Condé, was likewise fortunate for his *protege*, who, though in this case he seems to have been more of a dupe than a rogue, would have been involved in serious trouble had not the victory greatly increased the influence of his patron, who even wrote to the lady's brother, and thus prevented a legal prosecution. Madame de Miramion, who never married again, died nearly fifty years after this affair, so much noted for her piety that she was chosen by Louis XIV. to distribute his alms, and was commonly called the "Mother of the Church."

Bussy, whose career had hitherto been prosperous, now received an unexpected blow. All of a sudden, from motives which no one attempts to explain, Condé treated him with marked disfavour, and even compelled him to resign his lieutenantancy in favour of a new *protege*. Mazarin's *coup d'état*, famous in the history of the Fronde as the "Arrest of the Princes," took place shortly afterwards, and Condé, with his brother Conti and his brother-in-law Longueville,

were prisoners at Vincennes. In spite of his patron's change of conduct, Bussy remained faithful for a time; and though in the May of 1650 he took unto himself, as his second wife, Louise de Rouville, a lady of good family and tolerable fortune, he proceeded six weeks afterwards to Montrond, with others of the Princes' party, received a field-marshal's brevet from the spirited Princess of Condé, and did good service. However, after the liberation of the noble captives, and their triumphant re-entry into Paris, at the beginning of 1651, he found no improvement in his former patron's disposition, and was compelled to sell his lieutenantcy. This was too much for his forbearance, so he changed his party, and offered his services to Mazarin. They were cheerfully accepted, and he now received a field-marshal's brevet from the King, with orders to defend Nivernais. The military services which he rendered procured him so much favour with the ruling powers that he was allowed to become, by purchase, "mestre de camp général" of a regiment of light infantry. Bussy acquired his new dignity in 1653, and the campaign of that year brought him into contact with the other military celebrity of the day, Marshal de Turenne, under whose orders he served, and of whom he has drawn a full-length portrait in his "Mémoires." Turenne, however, could not endure him, and by divers humiliations rendered his situation so disagreeable that he asked and obtained permission to accompany the Prince de Conti, by whom he was greatly liked, into Catalonia. As the Prince and Bussy were boon companions, the campaign in Catalonia was pleasant enough; but in 1655 the latter was once more in Flanders, under Marshal de Turenne, who treated him worse than ever. From certain expressions that creep out in the "Mémoires," there is reason to believe that the hatred of Turenne was the result of some unlucky joke on the part of Bussy, who greatly prided himself on the smartness of his verbal pleasantries.

In the meanwhile, the expenses of Bussy, who lived in grand style, had greatly exceeded his revenues, and he found himself reduced to such a strait that he applied to his near kinswoman, the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, for the loan of 10,000 crowns. He had already been a lover of the fair letter-writer, who tolerated his devotions, without sacrifice of virtue or reputation, but would not lend the money. The result of her refusal was a most elaborate description of her character in the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, which, though not altogether disreputable, can scarcely be surpassed for deliberate epite. Fortunately for Bussy, Madame de Montglas, his mistress for the time being, extricated him from his difficulties by lending him her jewels, on which he raised the sum required. His services in Flanders, when the war with Spain was terminated by the famous battle of the Dunes, fought in 1658, fell under the personal observation of the King, and his fortune seemed more secure than ever, when a reverse took place, and he tumbled from his height never again to rise.

The turn in life at which the young and innocent George Barnwell arrived when he formed a casual acquaintance with Mrs. Milwood, corresponded in some measure to the change which took place in the career of the neither very young nor very innocent Bussy, when he accepted the invitation of the Count de Vivonne to pass Easter at his estates at Boissy, with three or four extremely choice spirits. What took place on the occasion of that memorable orgie is not to be ascertained. Certainly it was something much worse than is presented to us in either of the two accounts which Bussy has respectively inserted in his "Mémoires" and in the *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*. The populace affirmed that, in desecration of the holiest festival of the Church, the noble rihalds, not content with baptizing frogs and sucking-pigs, killed a man and ate a portion of his leg. The story looks a little strong, and the *vox populi* is not necessarily the *vox veritatis*; but before we summarily reject it, we should reflect that the fast men of the seventeenth century did very "fast" things. Whatever happened, it caused a great scandal; and Louis XIV., who always had a regard for appearances, banished from Court every one of the sinners. It was during the time of his exile to Burgundy, which commenced in the summer of 1659, that Bussy began the little book to which his literary celebrity is entirely due, *L'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*. His object was partly to fill up his time, partly to amuse his beloved Madame de Montglas. In the following year he returned to the Court, but shortly afterwards was visited by a new misfortune, the death of his patron, Cardinal Mazarin; while his opportunities for acquiring military distinction had been cut off by the conclusion of peace between France and Spain. His prospects seemed somewhat to improve when, towards the end of 1662, Louis XIV. granted him a "casque bleu," that is to say, made him one of sixty persons who, attired in an embroidered "casque," were allowed, without special leave, to accompany the King on short trips. However, a fresh storm was rumbling in the distance.

That eminent poetaster Sir Benjamin Backbite ascertained, through the fame of his own epigrams, that works of a scandalous nature circulate much more freely in manuscript than in print, and a similar experience was made by Bussy. During his exile he had only written the first two portions of his "Amorous History," being historiettes of Madame d'Olonne and Madame de Châtillon. After his return to Court, he added his spiteful portrait of Madame de Sévigné, together with a mild account of the affair of Boissy, and ultimately wound up with another historiette in which himself and Madame de Montglas were the principal figures. The "grande mademoiselle" to whom, during his exile at Saint-Fargeau, he had read the early part of the work, had found it very amusing; and, having tasted

the sweets of praise, he lent his manuscript, in the strictest confidence, to the Marchioness de la Baume, a lady, he it remarked, with whom he had had an intrigue, and whom he had deserted for Madame de Montglas. So fine an opportunity for vengeance was not to be lost, and Bussy, on returning to Paris after a short absence, found that the confidence he had so unwisely bestowed had been unscrupulously broken; not only had copies of his manuscript been circulated among the *beau monde* of Paris, but one was sent to Holland, where it was printed as soon as it had arrived. Fame had been attained with a vengeance; the highly-spiced little book was the subject of infinite talk, and much of that talk was of an unpleasant kind. In vain were the personages of whom it treated masked with false names, Madame d'Olonne being called "Ardélise," Madame de Châtillon "Angélie," and so forth, all the events being referred to the reign of the Emperor Theodosius. The masks were the merest gauze, everybody perfectly perceiving who was meant, without the trouble of a guess.

It is to this very circumstance that the book owed its notoriety. To modern readers who do not make a special study of the times of Louis XIV., the chronicle of a handful of profligate French ladies of small historical importance, who led lives that would almost shame a London street-walker, will afford poor recreation, nor, though it scarcely fills 150 fairly printed pages, will they go through it without an effort. It is no picture of the Court of the Grand Monarque, as *Grammont* is of the Court of our Charles II., for the great personages of the day, when they are introduced, are merely subordinate agents in stories made up of isolated intrigues. Nor need the propagandist of vice recommend it, to those he would beguile, as a *bonnebouche* of licentiousness. Unlike our Mrs. Manley (a far more serious thinker, by the way), who pounces with avidity upon every opportunity of bringing in a luscious description, Bussy, while his book treats of little besides unchaste vice, may be pronounced, under the circumstances, a pre-eminently chaste writer, the only exceptional passage being a scene almost literally translated from Petronius Arbiter, and fitted to the Count de Guiche. He dimly recounts the scandals that have fallen under his notice, now and then letting the wicked experiences he has made as a man of gallantry peep out in an epigrammatic sentence that might have been written by La Rochefoucauld. When he pauses in his narrative it is to give a portrait of character which commonly includes minute personal details; but his descriptive talent is less conspicuous in the "Amorous History" than in the "Mémoires," which were written some years afterwards, and which are more interesting to the general reader, inasmuch as they relate to more important events and characters. The most highly elaborated portrait in the "History" is that of Madame de Sévigné, written in a fit of spite. By way of contrast we may mention the masterly portrait of Turenne, which appears in the "Mémoires," and which, if we consider that Bussy was extremely ill-used by the great marshal, may be regarded as a miracle of impartiality.

On the whole, the impression left upon the mind after the perusal of the "Amatory History" is melancholy and disagreeable. We feel that we have artificially lived for awhile in an atmosphere of joyless libertinism, in which lust is less prevalent than vanity and greed of gain, and almost sigh for the jovial profligacy of our own Etheriges and Rochesters. Strange, indeed, is the contrast when any one of the sinners takes to letter-scribbling, and adds to his other delinquencies those of an intolerable bore. Then the unsentimental record is interrupted by an equally passionless epistle, crammed with high-flown verbiage, as if the writer, in his feigned worship of some harlot of quality, was ambitious of becoming a sort of prose Petrarch. It is satisfactory to reflect that the author was made to endure in his own person an ample allowance of the tedium he inflicts on his readers. Fairly tired out with complaints against the imprudent satirist, Louis XIV. sent Bussy to the Bastille in the course of 1665, whence, after an imprisonment of thirteen months, he only emerged to live an exile on his estate in Burgundy. In 1693, nearly thirty years afterwards, he died, having, by his severity to one of his daughters who had been guilty of what he deemed a *mésalliance*, added the character of a harsh and unfeeling father to his other qualities.

In the eyes of French purists his "Amatory History" always commands a certain degree of respect, as a model of style. M. Poitevin, a most painstaking editor, has done his best to make it generally useful by copious notes, in which not only the exact status, but the pedigree, of every personage is set down. In some of the earlier reprints of the book the text is followed by a key, showing, in alphabetical order, the persons indicated by fictitious names; in others the fictitious names are altogether abolished, and the real names are introduced into the text. Though his notes render the key superfluous, the former plan is adopted by M. Poitevin, who, moreover, under the title of *La France Galante*, adds a number of pieces mostly written by Gatien Sandraz des Courtils—a scandalous writer who hoped to find favour with the Dutch by exposing the foibles of Louis XIV.—and falsely ascribed to Bussy-Rabutin.

PLAIN JOHN ORPINGTON.*

BETWEEN the inane idealisms considered by some to be the only fitting kind of fiction for the virtuous reader, and the monstrosities which exhaust the whole cycle of crime real and

* Plain John Orpington. By the Author of "Lord Lynn's Wife," "Lady Flavia," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

imaginary, is there no middle holding of wholesome strength, and a truthful, pure, and yet searching psychology? Must we be sickened with sugar-plums, or revolted with carrion? Is no manly exposition of life possible to our novel-writers?—manly, that is, in its power and cleanliness combined, in its capacity to deal with passions and to analyze motives; but passions such as belong to men, not to fiends, and motives that are sane, and not as mad as they are bad. The milk-and-water romances written for grown-up children, wherein every man is a hero and every woman a saint, are but poor pictures enough of work-a-day human nature—pastels scumbled in with faded chalks and feeble outlines; but the highly-spiced calendars of crime are worse, inasmuch as ugliness is worse than weakness, and folly less mischievous than vice. God knows we have wickedness enough among us, and society is every now and then startled by the sudden discovery that one of its most favoured members perhaps has been leading a life of damnable sin and hypocrisy combined. But, even in the worst of the criminals who crop out like poisonous fungi on the pleasant pastures, there are certain human lineaments remaining; and they are, for the most part, ordinary men and women, if of an awfully base type, and not moral Calibans. But when novel-writers get upon the track of crime, they make the criminal all crime. They paint in black only, and where they touch up for high lights they use burning red-hot flames in the place of sunshine and the daylight. There is no lightening of the heavy downward strokes, no shading off into a more cheerful chord of colouring, no attempt to make the work a careful analytical study, where the tangled threads of good and ill are equally and justly handled; but there the figure stands—a demon, not a man, a loathsome dream of horror, not a waking and substantial fact. This manner of delineating character is as false to nature as it is untrue in art. A man entirely dominated by evil, with no sound part left in him—only a criminal and nothing more—would necessarily be a man with whom the physician would take the place of the hangman; and Plain John Orpington would have found himself inside a lunatic asylum for aberration of intellect, had his monstrous character been ever manifest in the flesh. Two murders for gain and two attempts to murder for revenge, one abstraction of a will, one mad sister kept chained up in the house like a wild beast, one brutal coercion of a ward, a life-long hypocrisy of manner, and the bad habit of biting his nails to the quick—this is the pretty little sum to be worked out, with Plain John's uncomfortable soul as the unknown quantity to be resolved. And the reader may judge for himself what kind of result is obtained, and what a very uncomfortable soul it is that the author so ruthlessly manipulates. And he may judge for himself if a man without one single redeeming moral quality whatever—greedy, coarse, sensual, hypocritical, and a murderer double-dyed—could have kept terms with sanity and society only by the help of an iron will, and an assumed brutality of manner which he makes pass for honesty. Believing as we do in the balance of powers, such a portrait as this is simply an impossibility; it is as little like the same criminal who goes to the gallows for his crimes, as one of the anthropophagi with his head growing beneath his shoulders is like an ordinary London guardman.

An author has the undoubted right to choose his own subject, and it is beyond the just functions of the critic to condemn him because that subject happens to be disagreeable. A great deal of cant is talked about disagreeable subjects, and disagreeable characters, and want of moral justice in the catastrophe, and want of pleasantness in the story. We do not live in a world where everything is beautiful and every one is good; and the painter of manners has a right to paint what he sees—always within the bounds of moral decency, be it understood. For as we should be justified in condemning a painter who hung up for general exhibition the delineation of a dissecting-room, however well rendered, so are there certain subjects of moral pathology to the full as objectionable and as far beyond the legitimate sphere of fiction. But, even if an author may take a disagreeable subject unrebuked, he is at all events bound to perform his work well, and to make his unpleasant characters lifelike, which the author of *Plain John Orpington* has not done. Not that the story wants a certain rugged power of conception, which, had it been more discriminating and less unwholesome, would have been more powerful still; but exaggeration is not force, as weakness is not purity, and to imagine a monster is not to delineate a man. As a matter of literary skill, too, there is too much narrative, and too little dialogue or incident. The story does not tell itself sufficiently, it is for ever being told; and those long pages of continuous narration dull the reader's attention and chill his interest. Then the characters are uninteresting in themselves, not only because of bad morality, but chiefly because of bad workmanship. Blanche, the heroine, is neither more nor less than a fool—a graceful idiot, whose only redeeming traits are that she has pretty brown eyes, and is not troublesome. But of character or individuality she has absolutely none, being one of the very weakest of the weak sisters who are as wax in the hands of the moulder. The grim sisters Orpington are good as sketches, and might have been worked up into very clever delineations; so might the Fitzermine—the Hon. and Rev. Stuart Fitzermine being a sketch, after Mr. Trollope, quite refreshing in its way. The worn-out old diplomatist and courtier of the school of Talleyrand and the Grand Monarque—the peevish, frivolous, scented, diamond-ringed old Sir Phœbus—is clever, graphic, and living; but, for the rest, there

is little save the name to identify them. Even Hugh Wyvil is the merest adumbration of a man, though in his quality of *jeune premier* he should have been endowed with bones as well as fascinations; and John Orpington, the central figure round which these marionnettes revolve, is nothing better than a moral wehrwolf feeding spiritually on human blood, and growing mad on his diet.

The story is that of an ex-army and now village surgeon, known throughout the country-side as Plain John Orpington—a rough, rude, downright man, honest, insolent, fearless, and firm. In the beginning of things no one likes him, and all have an instinctive and undefinable feeling of shrinking from him; but as time goes on his good repute conquers personal repugnance, and Plain John becomes one of the most respected men in the place. Yet his looks are by no means prepossessing:—

A thick-set, strongly-made man, with a grave, earnest face, very much freckled, and of an unwholesome complexion; hair long, dark, and dank; a broad low forehead, and heavy jaw. A remarkable face. His hands, red, moist, and unpleasant-looking, with stubby fingers, almost nailless from a trick which the surgeon had of biting them to the quick when thoughtful, were remarkable too.

The grim sisters, Bridget and Barbara, live with this unpleasant gentleman, and the only human bit in the picture of the household is the respect and love they have for their brother. To them comes, as Plain John's ward, pretty, tearful, silly little Blanche Morton, with her three hundred a year and her brown hair and eyes. Plain John resolves on marrying her; and she, though in love with Hugh Wyvil, Sir Phœbus Wyvil's nephew and intended inheritor, only cries, and does not sleep very soundly; but lets the wedding preparations go on unopposed.

In the meantime, old Sir Phœbus has quarrelled for the ninety-ninth time with Hugh, whom yet he loves, and has made Plain John his heir, instead of his nephew. Plain John accepts his presumptive inheritance with the same bluff hypocrisy which has marked all his actions. Though money is the god of his secret worship, he has the craft to make it appear to be the thing he most despises; and while every nerve is tingling at his good fortune, he makes both lawyer and patron believe that he is philosophically indifferent to all but a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, and that, should Sir Phœbus once more change his mind, he will receive the news of his loss as stoically as he has received the news of his possible gain. Sir Phœbus does change his mind. He revokes the codicil, and makes another in favour of Hugh; then has a fit, and Plain John is sent for to attend him. Plain John finds a crumpled bit of paper. He smooths it out and reads. It is a memorandum of the old man's changed intentions. Like a hungry wolf prowling round a sheepfold, he ransacks bureaux and drawers, tossing out trinkets and memorials in his eager search for the revoking codicil. No one is about. The servants are all downstairs crying, with their aprons over their heads; and the faithful valet is away. While Plain John is ransacking the dying man's bedroom, Sir Phœbus comes out of his fit and watches him. There is a scene—a little weak abuse on the part of the diplomatist, and then Plain John rushes in and strangles him, just as idiotic Blanche steals in at the door. Blanche runs away. Plain John finds out her whereabouts, and demands the restoration of his ward. She is to be given up, when she runs away again; meets Hugh Wyvil by the way; and takes refuge with an Indian widow in London, who protects her and adopts her cause.

In the interval ugly rumours get afloat respecting Plain John Orpington, and the country looks coldly on him. His vulpine nature makes itself more apparent day by day. Being only a wild conception, and not a human portrait, he commits the inconceivable folly of keeping the true will revoking his legacy about his person; also a letter which Sir Phœbus had written to Hugh, and which had been entrusted to him to post, by the non-delivery of which came about all the mischief. A London detective comes down, and takes service with him as a stable-boy; and he commits the inconceivable folly of leaving his policeman's staff in the pocket of his coat hanging on a nail in his room. When the game is up, Plain John gets out of the window. He might have escaped weeks before, had he liked; but being, as we have said, a monstrous creation, not a man, he acts like a fool on his own account—waits till the police are upon him, then tumbles down a hand-made rope-ladder, and starts off to Swart Mill, a lonely ruin with a legend. In his flight he is pursued by his mad sister, who has the power of breaking loose from her place of confinement when it suits her. And here is brought in for the third or fourth time the same incident of pursuing footsteps faintly heard, and the shadowy dread of an avenging shape. At Swart Mill Plain John thinks himself safe, and is in the act of burying the will and letter when his mad sister does something—not very clear what—which lets in the water; and the great water wheel, suddenly revolving, catches up Plain John and batters the life out of him. The mad sister has a terrible fall, which brings back her reason; and then she tells how Plain John had murdered her lover just before their marriage, and stolen from him a small sum of money gathered together for their fam and outfit. She was his favourite sister, but he murders her lover and sends her mad notwithstanding.

This, then, is the story of *Plain John Orpington*; and were it as powerfully executed as it is horribly conceived, we should prefer any amount of nightmare, consequent on the latest of suppers and the unwholesome of viands, to the hideous dream of crime which it embodies. But the antidote to its horror is in the haste

and slovenliness and weakness of its execution. The whole thing is a mere stupid bit of would-be sensationalism which can excite no other feeling in an ordinarily healthy mind than pity and disgust. Better done, it might have been a weird and ghastly story; as it is, it is merely revolting and wearisome.

ARABELLA STUART.*

IT may be thought, perhaps, that in this age of novels a caution against over-indulgence in any other kind of literature is not greatly needed. We are by no means sure, however, that the present passion for unhealthy fictions is not a natural reaction against the very useless facts with which many well-intentioned readers insist on loading themselves. In itself, of course, a sense that the human intellect was intended for some higher purpose than to absorb periodically the contents of the circulating library is much to be encouraged; but unfortunately many people who do really make an effort to read something besides "light literature" think their object sufficiently attained when they have swallowed a certain number of facts to the value or authenticity of which they are serenely indifferent. The accident of a book's appearance in Mr. Mudie's last list is the cause which determines whether their studies for the month shall take a biographical or an historical direction. Whichever it happens to be, the actual process is much the same. The life of a great author, or the correspondence of a great statesman, is read without any reference to the writings which have made the one famous, or to the events in which the other was a conspicuous actor. The history of a period—ancient, mediæval, or modern—is taken up with no knowledge of the events which preceded its commencement, and laid down again with no desire to know the events which followed upon its close. Read in this manner, the most philosophical narrative necessarily loses half its significance, and by consequence an inferior article is found to answer the purpose just as well. To this indiscriminate fashion of reading we owe, therefore, the appearance of a host of indifferent books which are simply created by the demand. Nature is niggardly in her supply of Grotes and Milmans and Merivales, and, to meet the insatiate cravings of the joint-stock libraries, a less productive intellectual soil has to be taken into cultivation. It is this which gives us so many isolated scraps of history hastily compiled from scanty (sometimes secondhand) materials, and so many lives of persons who have done or said nothing that has hitherto been thought worthy of preservation. So far, of course, as anybody derives pleasure from such studies as these, there is no reason to quarrel with them. We are yet a long way from being able to lay down canons as to what a man—still less what a woman—ought to be amused with. Only it is well that readers of this kind of "useful literature" should understand clearly that amusement is the most they are likely to get from it, so that, if they are quite conscious of having failed to obtain this, they may as well spend their time in some other way.

The *Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart* falls to some extent within the scope of these remarks, but it is only fair to add that it is an unusually good specimen of its class. From the worst faults of that class it is, in fact, singularly free. Miss Cooper has really worked at her subject. She has read a good deal of MSS., and, what is better still, she has printed a good deal of what she has read. The second volume in particular is largely made up of papers more or less connected with Arabella Stuart's history, including a considerable number of her own letters. In this way the reader comes across little points of contemporary life and character which he would have missed if Miss Cooper had been less conscientious in her display of her materials. Hence the book has a real and substantial historical value. Its chief fault is the inevitable result of the disproportion existing between the author's subject and the scale on which she has worked. Whatever there is of interest in Arabella Stuart's life is compressed within the last five years of it; and consequently Miss Cooper has been obliged, in order to give her work the proportions of an orthodox biography, to seize every opportunity for previous digression which the complicated network of a royal pedigree throws in her way. Thus the first two chapters are devoted to the adventures of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, and "Beas of Hardwick," Arabella's maternal and paternal grandmothers; and the various quarrels and reconciliations of the Shrewsbury family come in very conveniently during all those years when there is absolutely nothing to be told of the proper subject of the history. Miss Cooper is careful, however, to bring her heroine upon the stage as early as possible; and, as no account is extant of her baptism, the deficiency is supplied by a short analysis of the Baptismal service in the Book of Common Prayer:—

On all such occasions, the whole of the family, with the visitors, went in procession to the church, where, on arriving at the porch, they were met by the clergyman, and a short prayer being offered, the child was named. It was then carried to the font, which stood under a canopy in the middle of the church. The water in the font was consecrated, and, being covered up to keep it from pollution, it was not deemed necessary to change it for every ceremony, but the waste was gradually supplied, and a regular consecration every month was deemed sufficient to keep it in holy order. On arriving at the font, a prayer was offered to Jesus Christ, beseeching Him to send down the Holy Spirit to sanctify the fountain of baptism, even as the Holy Spirit had descended in the form of a dove in times of old on His divine person.

* *The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart.* By Elizabeth Cooper. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.

Till the time of Elizabeth, the custom was to dip the child in the water thrice; first on the right side, then on the left, and lastly, with its face into the font, the three immersions being supposed to represent the Trinity. But in the reign of Elizabeth immersion was superseded by sprinkling—a change brought by the returned exiles from Geneva, and it was probably in this manner that Arabella received the first sacrament.

This is too much in the style of the newspaper historian of a royal christening. Nor does Miss Cooper much improve matters when she attempts to throw a dash of antiquarianism into her narrative by going on thus:—

Immediately after the baptism, the sponsors placed their hands on the child, and the minister covering it with a vestment called the chrysome, said, "Take this white vestment as a token of the innocency which, by God's grace, in this holy sacrament of baptism, is given unto thee, and for a sign, whereby thou art admonished, so long as thou livest, to give thyself to innocency of living, that, after this transitory life, thou mayest be a partaker of the life everlasting." The child was next anointed (a relic of the Catholic service), and the sponsors offered their gifts.

We trust this is not an underhand attempt to secure the apparent sanction of Queen Elizabeth for some ritualistic revival in which Miss Cooper is interested. However, we may at once remove all alarm on the part of Lord Ebury and his friends by the information that Miss Cooper's knowledge of liturgical history is at fault by twenty-three years, as the christening, the details of which she thus supplies, took place in 1575, while the chrysome and the anointing were abolished in 1552.

The first appearance of Arabella Stuart's name in connection with William Seymour supplies a theme for an "excursus" of three chapters; and the "Story of Katharine Grey," though given at much greater length than is at all necessary for explaining "the Queen's sudden outburst of rage when Arabella Stuart was declared in treaty of marriage with William Seymour, the son of Lord Beauchamp, and the grandson of the unhappy injured Katharine," is in itself the most interesting part of the book. It is the more so because Mr. Froude narrates it very briefly, and with an evident prejudice against the unhappy victim of a cowardly and womanish spite. Lady Katharine Grey, great niece of Henry VIII. and sister of the more famous though hardly more unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, had secretly betrothed herself, before the death of Queen Mary, to Edward Seymour, afterwards Earl of Hertford, the eldest son of the Protector Somerset. Certainly the alliance can hardly have been prompted by any feeling of ambition on the part of Seymour, since, after the fate of her sister, he could hardly expect that Lady Katharine would ever succeed in establishing her claim to the throne under the will of Henry VIII. As it turned out, the lovers would have been better advised if they had hastened the accomplishment of their marriage, for where the question of the succession was concerned, Elizabeth was a more dangerous enemy than her predecessor. They preferred to wait, however, until Mary's death, when, emboldened by the favour which Elizabeth showed towards him, Lord Hertford asked Katharine in marriage of her mother the Duchess of Suffolk, without making any mention of their previous engagement. The Duchess made no objection, and even undertook to obtain the Queen's consent, but her death, a short time afterwards, prevented her from putting her promise into execution. No application, therefore, was made to Elizabeth. Katharine remained at Court, and "the love did continue, or rather increased, between the Earl and her, with sundry meetings between them, as time might serve, and as folks of that sort will do without making any creature living of their counsel, saving the Lady Jane, and one Elyne, the servant of the said Lady Jane." The Lady Jane here referred to was Lady Jane Seymour, Lord Hertford's sister, and Katharine's especial friend. A report of Lord Hertford's unfaithfulness brought matters to a head. To prove that there was no truth in the charge, he asked Katharine to marry him at once; and she agreed to do so "the next time the Queen should go abroad and leave her and Lady Jane behind." A royal hunting party to Eltham gave the required opportunity. As soon as the Queen had started from Whitehall the two girls stole out of the palace, walked along the shore of the river, the tide being out, to the water-gate of Lord Hertford's house in Cannon Row, Westminster, and got in through the kitchen. A Lutheran minister, whom strangely enough it had been left to Lady Jane to provide, was in waiting, and the lovers were married, the only witness being Lady Jane Seymour, and she being also the only person who knew the name of the man who performed the ceremony. The pair then separated, Lord Hertford remaining in his house, and his wife and sister returning in a boat to Whitehall. Before long the Queen sent Lord Hertford to Paris, and while he was absent, the approaching birth of a child forced Katharine to disclose her marriage. Elizabeth was furious. Katharine was sent to the Tower, and Hertford recalled from Paris. The Queen refused to put any faith in their story of their marriage, and as Lady Jane Seymour had died six months before, and the Lutheran minister was not forthcoming, there was no independent testimony to the fact. In February 1562, Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Grindal, Bishop of London, were with some others appointed commissioners "to examyn, inquire, and judge of the infamouse conversation and pretended Marriage betwixt the Ladye Katheryn Grey and the Erle of Hertford," and, as might be expected from the tenour of their instructions, they reported that there had been no marriage, and that the son which had been born in the Tower in the previous September was illegitimate. With this victory the Queen was for a time content. The captives were not set free, but they were guarded with less strictness, and Lord Hertford was even enabled, by the connivance of his gaolers, to gain

occasional access to his wife's prison. The result of these stolen meetings was that a second son was born in February 1563. This evidence that Hertford and Katharine still viewed their marriage as binding called forth afresh all Elizabeth's rage. The Star Chamber sentenced them to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and all intercourse between husband and wife was finally put a stop to. All attempts to move Elizabeth to mercy proved fruitless, and on the 27th of January, 1568, Katharine died at Cockfield Hall, in Suffolk, where she had been removed a little time before. Miss Cooper gives some minute details of her illness and death, taken apparently from a letter of Sir Owen Hopton's, in whose custody she at that time was:—

She then told her maid to give her the box containing her wedding-ring and ring of betrothal, and, having taken out the latter, she said to Sir Owen, "Here, Sir Owen, deliver this unto my lord, this is the ring that I received of him when I gave myself unto him and gave him my faith. This was the ring of my assurance unto my lord."

She then gave the knight her wedding-ring, saying, "Deliver this also unto my lord, and pray him even as I have been to him, as I take God to witness I have been, a true and a faithful wife, that he would be a loving and a natural father unto my children, unto whom I give the same blessing that God gave unto Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

A strange remembrance followed, doubtless born of the horrors of her long captivity. She took a third ring, set with a Death's head, encircled with the motto, "*While I live yours*," and said, "This shall be the last token unto my lord that ever I shall send him. It is the picture of myself."

Lord Hertford remained a prisoner some years longer. His marriage with Katharine Grey was afterwards established, by the evidence of the Lutheran minister, to the satisfaction of a jury.

With the last half of the second volume begins the real interest of Miss Cooper's work, so far as regards the nominal subject of it. The romance of Lady Arabella Stuart's marriage with William Seymour is a little impaired by the great disparity of their ages, the bride being thirty-five and the bridegroom only twenty-three. Nor is there any positive evidence as to Seymour's motives in the matter, beyond an exculpatory letter of his to the Privy Council, written before the marriage had actually taken place, in which he states that "being but a younger brother, unknown to the world, and of mean estate, and she a lady of great honour and virtue, and as he thought of great means," he had endeavoured to marry her, provided the King's consent could be first had. But the business-like effect of this statement is negated by the fact that he actually did marry her very soon after with the clearest knowledge that the King's consent was not to be had, and when he must have clearly foreseen the difficulties in which such a step would involve him. The marriage took place in July, 1610, and seems to have been discovered almost immediately. The rest of the story bears a singular resemblance to that of Seymour's grandmother Lady Katharine Grey. The husband and wife were imprisoned, and in order to put a stop to all communication between them, which, as long as they were both in London, mere imprisonment failed to do, Arabella was ordered to Durham. A joint attempt at escape was a failure as far as she was concerned, her confinement became more rigorous, and after lingering five years in prison she died of despair. The conduct of the great nobles throughout this whole business is amongst the most contemptible episodes in English history. There was not even the wretched excuse to be made for James I.'s cruelty which might have been offered for Elizabeth's. The succession was firmly settled, and there were direct heirs to the Crown. Nor was the King's own disposition at all of a kind likely to excite awe or terror. We can hardly doubt that one strong remonstrance from the well-affected peers against the gross injustice and illegality which was being committed before their eyes must have had some influence with him, but there are no traces of anything of the kind being attempted. The Bishop of Durham, in particular, to whose custody Arabella was at first committed, would not even read prayers to her without obtaining the Royal leave, therein displaying all that hypocritical servility to the King's will which was the characteristic disgrace of the Church of England from the Reformation to the Revolution. In fact, the one lesson to be learnt from the book before us is how completely the English aristocracy, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, had ceased to be any check to the Royal power, and consequently how great was the necessity for that popular movement which, in the next reign, took the work out of their incapable hands.

JEWISH TOMB-INSCRIPTIONS IN THE CRIMEA.*

THE Karaites in their declining state have now a brief history, owing to the labours of their Rabbinical brethren more than to themselves. They may perhaps be the proper representatives of the Sadducees, as Geiger supposes not without plausible grounds, though there is room for doubt on this point. It is certain that the Rabbanites represent the Pharisees of old, the party of progress as they may be called, though it cannot be said that that progress has been rightly directed or turned into a useful channel. The Karaites have steadfastly rejected tradition, and adhered to the Bible text only, so that they may be called the Protestants of Judaism, as their Talmudical brethren are the

Romanizers. Pinsker has the merit of publishing the first important contribution to a history of this people and their literature, the older essays on the subject being so meagre as to be undeserving of the name. Fürst has followed with a book on the same subject, more pretentious, but hardly more trustworthy. Some Niebuhr must sift the materials so industriously collected by these writers, and separate the fictitious from the true. The subject is still fragmentary and incomplete, and, before being properly arranged, its blank spaces must be filled up. Graetz is scarcely inclined to do the Karaites justice where he speaks of them in his voluminous History of the Jews; nor is it probable that any Talmudic Jew will look upon them impartially, though the time for jealousy has gone by. Rabbanism overpowered Karaitism. The latter has been dwindling for centuries, so that it will soon be a thing of the past—a phase of Judaism instructive only to the philosophic historian. Karaite literature is probably of small extent; and much of it is about being swept into St. Petersburg, at least from the Crimea. How far the Karaites in Byzantine regions and in Poland have retained their religion, their synagogues, or their old literature, is not well known. But it is better that their Bible MSS. and other writings should be within the reach of scholars who are willing to publish their contents, than that they should moulder in the hands of the poor illiterate Jews to whom they descended from more intelligent ancestors.

In the year 1839, in consequence of a letter addressed by the Governor-General of Odessa, Prince Woronzoff, to the Governor of Sympheropol, respecting the Karaite Jews, Abraham Firkowitsch, the most learned Karaite in the Crimea, repaired to Tschufutkale, the seat of a very old Karaite community, as well as to other places, and found fifty-one old Bible MSS., which, together with fifty-nine copies of inscriptions on gravestones, he brought to Odessa. It was impossible to doubt the genuineness of these documents, especially as the character of the man who collected them was above suspicion. But there was an idea in many minds that the copies he made might have been incorrect, because the dates were much more ancient than any hitherto known. In consequence of this, Dr. Stern was despatched by the Odessa Archaeological Society to the places visited by Firkowitsch, in order to verify the copies, and subject the whole collection, as far as he could, to a careful examination. The result of his investigation went to confirm the general accuracy of the copies which had been taken. Stern added to the collection some very old MSS., and discovered seven other ancient inscriptions on gravestones in the Jewish cemetery at Tschufutkale. Encouraged by this fresh addition, Firkowitsch, along with his nephew Gabriel, undertook repeated journeys through those parts of the Crimea where Karaite communities and old cemeteries existed; gathering up whatever he could find in the shape of ancient MSS., and copying gravestones in Solchat, Kalfa, Mangup, and Eupatoria. The industry of the two travellers may be judged of by the fact that, when they went to St. Petersburg in 1853, they had about 700 copies of inscriptions on old graves, and 150 notices of dates contained in old Bible MSS. which they had discovered.

In 1856, when about to set forth on a similar mission to the same parts, they were advised by several learned men to make facsimiles in paper of the most important inscriptions on tombstones, as a guarantee for the existence of the originals, and in the interest of paleography. Following this advice, they returned with 100 facsimiles of inscriptions on graves belonging to different centuries. The nature and contents of these put the idea of falsification out of the question. It would have required fine tact, and an amount of historical, geographical, and paleographical knowledge which no Crimean Karaite could possess, to commit such forgeries. The acute Geiger has not ventured to impugn their genuineness; and Chwolson, who has all along watched the progress of these discoveries with interest, maintains that they cannot be forged. Indeed the difficulties in the way of such an hypothesis are insuperable. The object of the present publication, which was presented to the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg on the 9th of February, 1865, and forms a part of their Transactions for the year, is to examine eighteen of the inscriptions on tombstones with the view of establishing their true dates, and then to draw from such dates the necessary conclusions affecting Bible chronology, Semitic paleography, and ancient ethnography. The results are of great interest to Jewish scholars and Biblical critics, being new, startling, important, and suggestive. If firmly established, they will enlarge, modify, and correct many opinions which have hitherto passed unchallenged among scholars.

The eighteen inscriptions on tombs here given and described are all dated. They belong to the following years of our era—6, 30, 89, 179, 197, 262, 305, 369, 625, 670, 678, 719, 807, 834, 898, 937, 958, and 960. It is remarkable to see no less than three belonging to the first century. In the first eight, as they stand in Chwolson's list, three eras are mentioned—after the Exile, after the Creation, and the era of the Matarachians; most of them with only one of the dates, some with two. How then does Professor Chwolson interpret such dates? After giving the explanation of the three eras in question proposed by Firkowitsch, he examines them in a different, more circuitous, but safer method, and arrives at the same result, which is, that the era of the Exile is 606 B.C., i.e. the exile of the ten tribes; not 586 B.C., when Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar; nor 69, when Jerusalem was taken by Titus. The era of the Matarachians (i.e. the Jews of Tamataarcha now called Taman,

* *Achtzehn Hebräische Grabchriften aus der Krim.* Von Dr. Chwolson. (mit 9 Tafeln). (Eighteen Tomb-inscriptions from the Crimea. By Dr. Chwolson. With Nine Plates, folio.) London: Williams & Norgate.

Aus der Petersburger Bibliothek. Beiträge und Dokumente zur Geschichte des Karäerthums und der karaischen Literatur. Von Adolf Neubauer. (Contributions and Documents relative to the History of Karaitism and Karaite Literature. By A. Neubauer.) 1866.

near the ancient Phanagoria) corresponds to the date now usual among the Jews, "after the Creation," to which 240 should be added to correspond to the Christian year; while the era *after the Creation*, in these inscriptions, differs from the latter by 151 years, so that only 89 should be added to it to find the Christian year. These conclusions seem to us to be settled on solid grounds by Professor Chwolson; and they are confirmed by the dates on several old Karaite MSS., as he is careful to show. We give the translation of one inscription:—

This is the grave of Buki, son of Isaac the priest; his rest [be] in Paradise! [died] at the time of the deliverance of Israel, in the year 702 after our exile *i.e.* [A.D. 6].

It is interesting to find in these inscriptions a reference to Sangari, who was instrumental in converting a King of the Chazars to Judaism. On a gravestone is the name of Isaac Sangari, who died in 767. In the inscription of a MS. roll, David, his son, is mentioned as witness to the deed presenting a roll "to the congregation of our brethren the Chazars." It was Isaac Sangari who converted the Chazar King about 780 A.D. Rapoport's attempt to prove the inscription on the stone of Isaac a forgery is thoroughly refuted by Chwolson.

Various interesting questions arise in connection with these Crimean discoveries of old MS. and tomb-inscriptions:—

First, the inquiry about the locality of the Ten Tribes seems to be brought very near its settlement. Caucasian and Crimean Jews, even the inhabitants of Sarkel at the mouth of the Don, dated "after our Banishment." Hence the posterity of the exiles who were carried away at the breaking up of the Kingdom of Israel inhabited those regions. It is not difficult to conjecture how they came there. They spread out of the lands of their first settlement, at different times and from various causes, into the regions of the East; from Armenia, probably, to the Caucasus, thence to the Crimea, and to other south-eastern parts of European Russia. Thus the existing remnant of the Ten Tribes should not be looked for in one place. They are scattered over various countries of the East. It may be also that some are in the West, having come thither over Asia Minor. The Karaite Jews now in the Crimea are genuine descendants of the Ten Tribes, who have not intermingled with neighbouring non-Semitic peoples so as to lose their identity.

Secondly, we see that the modern square Hebrew character was in use among the Jews a considerable time before Christ. Whether it was current *several centuries* before Christ, as Chwolson asserts, may be doubted, though Nöldeke puts it before the Maccabean period. The origin, development, and age of this character has been recently discussed by De Vogüé and De Saulcy on the basis of tomb-inscriptions found at Jerusalem. The views of the latter must be modified by these Karaite inscriptions. There can be no doubt that the square character was common in many countries at the time of Christ. The letter *god* is a simple dot, explaining the reference of Christ, "one jot or tittle."

Thirdly, the Crimean Jews were in almost perpetual intercourse with the Jews of other lands, and were never without opportunities of knowing the ideas and doctrines prevalent in the central seats of Judaism.

Fourthly, it was not uncommon for these ante-Karaite Jews to put words and phrases on the tombs of the dead which imply a belief in the immortality of the soul. Thus *Y* in this abridged form is not unusual, meaning "may his rest or his soul be in Paradise." The expression occurs even in the inscription of A.D. 6. The belief must, therefore, have been common among the Jews of the day. If so, it was current in Palestine at an earlier period, and existed at least in the Maccabean time, if it did not then originate. We cannot follow Chwolson in putting it so far back as from four to five centuries before Christ; nor do we agree with him in the conclusion he draws from the book of Ecclesiastes respecting it. But he has some pertinent and just remarks on Renan, who has not scrupled to assert that the doctrine came from the Indo-European race to the Jews.

Fifthly, if the conclusion of Chwolson be well-founded as to the era of the Captivity—namely, 696 B.C.—an important date is gained for Assyrian and Babylonian chronology, as well as the Egyptian. It has also a bearing on the usual Hebrew chronology, and the numbers in the Bible. From the old Crimean era being already used A.D. 89 after Christ, we see that the Bible MSS. of that early period had the numbers of the present Hebrew text, not those of the Septuagint. And if the descendants of the Ten Tribes had the same era from the creation of the world as the Masoretic copies at that early period, there is a strong presumption in favour of the antiquity of the numbers of the present text. It is not likely that the Palestinian Jews would have curtailed the numbers in the first century, in order to differ from the Septuagint. Nor, indeed, did the time suffice for such falsification. The long chronology of Josephus and the Septuagint rests upon a feebler basis than that of the Masoretic text.

Sixthly, some objections to the date of these inscriptions may be anticipated from Rabbinical Jews. Indeed, we know that one has been made by that eminent scholar Zunz, to whom several of them were shown by Dr. Mandelstamm in Berlin. The titles *rabbi* and *priest* occur; consequently, as Dr. Zunz asserts, they cannot be earlier than the eighth century of the Christian era. But surely such reasoning is one-sided. It may be that *rabbi* or *priest* is not found on tombstones among the Rabbinical Jews prior to the eighth century; but that is hardly a valid argument against another usage among ante-Karaite Jews. Is it logical to argue from what is already known to what has been hitherto unknown,

and to conclude that the subject admits of no new or additional light? The title *rabbi* was in use in the time of Christ. What prevented the Jews from putting it on gravestones from that time onward? It is also said, that the names Moses and Levi could not have been on tomb-stones there in the first century; to which the answer is best put as an interrogatory, Why?

The treatise of Professor Chwolson will excite much interest among scholars. It is fresh and stimulating. His reasoning is skilful, and his knowledge of the subject full. He has had the best opportunities of examining for himself, and writes in a fair, clear, straightforward style. His conclusions respecting the dates of the inscriptions seem to us to be safe, and the thanks of all scholars are due to him for contributing an interesting chapter to the history of a sect so little known till within a very recent time. If he would set about the collation of the Karaite MSS. in St. Petersburg, he would confer a permanent boon on the literary world. We fear that nothing need be looked for from Neubauer in respect to such examination. His little volume now before us is disappointing, leading us to infer that he is hardly competent to the work of proper collation. Nothing can be expected from him or from Pinner.

This important essay suggests the idea that, after all our expectations, important Karaite variations from the Masoretic text need not be looked for. The Karaites were in contact with Jews from Judea at a pretty early period. Numbers of the latter found their way into the Crimea from time to time. It is now known that three teachers, whom Fürst calls "the three fathers of the Karaites," were sent as missionaries by the Jews in Jerusalem to preach Rabbinical doctrines in the Crimea, which they did with success. This was about 957 A.D. These Rabbinical missionaries—Ephraim, Elisha, and Chanukah—punctuated Bible MSS. in the Crimea, spread their doctrines in Kertsch, Onchat, Solchat, and Kaffa, and converted two hundred families to Rabbanism in those places. Such facts might seem to lead to the inference that the Karaite MSS. may have been conformed to the Rabbinical type. Happily, however, a number of these Bible MSS. are of a date prior to the tenth century. One of them is even as old as A.D. 489. Were they not rolls, which they generally are, we might have a larger basis for a critical knowledge of that peculiar punctuation and accentuation called the Assyrian or Babylonian, in contradistinction to the Masoretic, about which Pinsker and Olshausen have written.

LAYS OF THE ENGLISH CAVALIERS.*

THE title leaves it uncertain whether the lays which compose the present volume are ancient or modern, whether they were really the songs of the Civil Wars, or the products of the dilettante muse of modern days. The poems themselves may occasion a moment's perplexity on this point; it is so hard to believe that anybody born within the last hundred years could write in their spirit. It at first strikes one as possible that the writer, with the design of imparting an ancient air to his verses, may have introduced a stock of sentiments which no educated Englishman of the present day would dream of entertaining. To write as if Macaulay and Hallam and Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Forster had never existed is perhaps not a bad plan for making people believe that the verses are of ancient origin. It might prove at least as plausible as if the author had pretended that he stumbled upon them in an old chest in an old church. But, in spite of its extraordinarily antique spirit, the hand of the modern very soon becomes visible in the book. The contemporaries of Laud and Strafford and Charles I. did not take by any means the view of those famous characters which the author of the lays is so feebly enthusiastic about. A mild ecclesiasticism is a very poor representation of the hot and jovial Church-and-King notions of the Civil Wars. The refined and sentimental gentleman who looks upon the Cavaliers as pious crusaders for the doctrines of the Church would be singularly put out if he could have half a dozen of those chivalrous roysters restored to life and quartered on him for a month. On the whole we are not sure that he would not find even the detested and schismatical Puritans the more congenial society of the two. But Mr. Daniell's Cavaliers are quite fit for the best regulated families. They sing in a strain which would charm the most fastidious of modern drawing-rooms, and their poetic fervour is quite up to the drawing-room mark. Here, for instance, are a few lines out of the lay of Sir Gervase Scrope, Sheriff of Lincolnshire:—

From his broad acres on the Lincoln wolds
He raised a troop of his own tenantry,
And though the weight of threescore years and ten
Had cramped his muscular force, the brave old man
Led them himself to Edgehill fight—and fell,
Bearing in head and body sixteen wounds.

It was a Sunday evening in October;
The sky was cold and clear; and with the night
Came up keen breezes from the north.

He lay
Striped bare, and bleeding; and perchance his life
Had filtered through his gaping wounds ere morn,
But that a kindly frost, sent from the Lord,
Sealed up each wound, and stanch'd the flow of blood,
Turning the clots to ice.

At dead of night
He woke, as from the sleep of death, but stiff
And cold as marble, faint and sore athirst.

* *Lays of the English Cavaliers.* By John J. Daniell, Perpetual Curate of Langley Fitzurse, Wilts. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1866.

He looked to heaven and blessed his God. The moon
Shone brightly o'er the plain. On every side
He heard deep groans of men in agony,
And saw the darkened forms of miscreant wretches,
Plundering alike the living and the dead.

We have printed it as Mr. Daniell has done, because, but for this, the reader would scarcely guess that he was reading verse. There is nothing in the nature of the piece itself which would lead one to suspect that it was anything more than a scrap out of some penny sensation newspaper of the period. It reads beautifully as plain prose:—"The moon shone brightly o'er the plain. On every side he heard deep groans of men in agony, and saw the darkened forms of miscreant wretches, plundering alike the living and the dead." And might not a man be excused if his ear never revealed to him that there was poetry in such lines as these:—"Charles himself in princely condescension visits the sick, and soothes his suffering: till the Lord raised him up, and many a year he lived to tell the tale." Or—"As his strength availed, he dragged another corpse and yet another and crept under them and caught warmth from the contact." It is poetry to the eye, certainly, when it is printed out in lines, each two inches in length; but by the ear and the understanding the poetic element is less easily seized. We wonder if the author has ever read Mr. Browning's "Cavalier Tunes":—

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing,
And pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song:
"God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite nor take sup."
&c. &c. &c.

Contrast with the vigour and exhilaration of this and the other Cavalier songs by Mr. Browning the very mild roaring of the Cavaliers of the drawing-room:—

When the great Marquis of the north, Newcastle,
That name of puissance, dignity, and grace,
Reared his white standard on the Roman Wall,
And blew his trumpet-call, "God and the King,"
The sturdy peasants of Northumberland,
From all the banks of Tweed, and Till, and Tyne,—
The ploughman from the furrow in the field,
The shepherd from the fold upon the fell,
The fisher from his bark beside the sea,
Rose as a man, and to the battle went.
White were their banners, white their plumes and helms;
From head to foot their dress was white; and each
Bore on his dexter arm a scarf of white.
Well drilled, and well accoutred; armed with blades
Of keenest proof and temper; big of bone,
And stout of heart, and true in soul, and bound
By bonds of dearest brotherhood to stand
Each by the other to the death, and aye
Led on by the great Marquis, all their march
Was triumph and exultant victory.

In another place we are told that—

Penwith called up her miners;
In loving loyal league
Marched forth the lusty husbandmen
Of Roseland and Meneag.

The Cavaliers had no notion of talking about "loving loyal leagues." The promiscuous piling up of alliterative epithets is a modern device.

There is a very weak attempt to catch the spirit of the old ballad in such lines as these:—

A noble name is Stanley—
On Time's emblazoned page
The noblest name is Stanley
Through many a storied age.

But the poet plainly feels more at home in little mawkish pieces than in the battle songs. The death of Charles's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, excites his poetic imagination very keenly. There is a tremendous imaginative effort in the last stanza of this remarkable piece:—

And long unknown, unhonoured,
Her sacred dust had slept,
When to the Stuart maiden's grave
A mourner came, and wept.
Go, read that Royal Mourner's woe
In lines a world reverts,
And see the tomb of Charles's child
Wet with Victoria's tears.

The picture of Her Majesty being struck with "woe," and weeping over the tomb of a princess who was only fifteen when she died, and who had been in her grave for a couple of hundred years, is an amazing expansion of the simple fact that the Queen had a monument put up for the little Princess, whose grave had so long been undiscovered, and until 1856 was unmarked. Her rank is dwelt upon with "loving loyal" zeal, and with some iteration:—

She was a monarch's daughter,
The martyred Charles's child;
By birth a princess—in her soul
A lowly maid and mild;
And since the day her father died
She mourns in hopeless woe—
The blow that reached the saintly sire
Laid the meek daughter low.

Mr. Daniell is probably aware that the martyred Charles's children were not all princes and princesses by any means, and that he

was the "saintly sire" of more than one bastard. It might be possible to create some confusion in "loving loyal" circles where Charles I. is still revered by asking solemnly who was Jeremy Taylor's second wife? the answer unfortunately being that her name was Joanna Bridges, and that she was, like the Princess Elizabeth, "a monarch's daughter—the martyred Charles's child." But this makes no difference to Mr. Daniell:—

We call him Father, blest and dear;
We name his name with pride;
His pious memory reverend,
King, Martyr, Saint, and Guide;
He claims our heart's deep love sincere—
'Twas for our Church he died.

Mr. Daniell's opinions, not only of Charles, but of some of his servants, show that he has not studied the history of the time as an historian or a philosopher, but purely as a poet and a gentleman of imagination. There is something quite refreshing in his view of Strafford:—

And saints have died in fire, and freely spent
Their blood to life's last drop for faith alone;
But purer soul than Strafford's never went
Before the great white throne.

He has previously been called "of men grandest and loftiest soul," and he is joined with another eminent personage:—

Strafford and Laud—most loved, most honoured names—
Aye battling upwards in one glorious strife;
Congenial souls in life's most holy aims,
And one in death, as life.

We may admit that they were congenial souls, but scarcely perhaps in life's holiest aims. Clarendon, at all events, whom we presume our poet reveres, did not think their aims very holy. It need scarcely be said that, though there are a good many bloody deeds described in the *Lays*, the perpetrators are pretty exclusively Roundheads. The poor Cavaliers are like lambs before ravening wolves, with "red fangs," mangling things "in fierce thirst of blood"—with "glances steeled and gloomy, and hearts as cold as stone." The Cavaliers are all deeply imbued with a fervent piety and a spirit of unobtrusive devoutness which it is truly gratifying to every well-regulated mind to reflect upon. The complete inversion in these verses of all that history has taught us demonstrates true imaginative capacity; only, when poems profess to rest on some sort of historic basis, it is perhaps advisable that the imagination should be directed with some slight reference to facts.

It is rather surprising to find "Louis XVI. of France" figuring among the Lays of the Cavaliers. But of course one soon sees the connecting link. Charles I. was executed by his subjects, so was Louis XVI. They were utterly unlike in every other point it is true, but that is of no consequence:—

In heaven's new golden street
Now Charles and Louis meet,
And still a glorious crown each monarch wears;
Bright beams each radiant face,
And still redeeming grace
They sing, and hymn their God in angel airs.
And still through woe's dark night
Thy name shall be our light,
Blest saint and king, our beacon-star and guide.

Why should the street of heaven be called "new," by the way? A poet, however, who, living in the second half of the nineteenth century, makes Charles I. his "beacon-star and guide" ought to be exempt from profane criticism.

COMMON WORDS WITH CURIOUS DERIVATIONS.*

WE do not know whether anybody was ever baptized by the name of Archdeacon, or whether we are to gather from Mr. Smith's title-page that the Vicar of Erith really belongs to the class whose definition is said to be that they "exercise archidiaconal functions." Perhaps we are not up to the latest ecclesiastical fashions, and in days when half the clergy are Canons So-and-so, this may be the proper way of describing Archdeacons. Perhaps our experience lies more among Deans than among Archdeacons, and it certainly strikes us that "Dean Milman, D.D." in the title-page of *Latin Christianity* would have had an odd look. However, whether Mr. Smith be an Archdeacon officially or only by what somebody has called "family onomastic nomenclature," we beg his pardon for our uncertainty, and will go on to talk, not about him, but about his book.

To the copy which has reached us is added a small appendix, in which Mr. Smith disputes against some of his reviewers fiercely enough, but in several parts with distinct success. The following bit is really worth quoting. Though Mr. Smith puts things in an odd way, he clearly sees what he is talking about, which his reviewer, to judge from the specimen here given, did not:—

Let us now turn to the *Reader*. This critic begins, "Mr. Smith's theory that many, or indeed most, of the English words which come from the Latin have been derived immediately from the French, is very ill-founded." Mr. Critic, suffer me to say that the number of these words is very large. You say, "The Romans must have introduced their language into the Province of Britain." Of course they did; or rather into its several Provinces. But the Britons were, in time, succeeded by a Saxon and Danish population, to whom Latin was an unknown tongue. It is true that these latter, in the course of time, learnt it after a fashion; but a classical academy in which the boys should be Saxons and the masters ancient Britons, would, if it formed the subject of an "historical picture," excite no

* *Common Words with Curious Derivations*. By Archdeacon Smith, M.A., Vicar of Erith. London: Bell & Daldy. 1865.

little surprise among the more intelligent members of a "hanging committee." The Latin teachers of the Saxons were not British serfs, but Italian priests—the Christian Church. But imagine anything you please about the ancient Britons, is it an "ill-founded theory" that, in the eleventh century of Christianity, an immense addition of words of Latin origin, and a higher stamp, was imported into England by those Norman conquerors who spoke a Romance language? to say nothing of the Court of King Edward the Confessor, who was a Norman by education.

This is a piece of good light-of-nature reasoning. We say "light-of-nature," because Mr. Smith is clearly not a scientific philologist. His ideas of the relations of languages to one another are vague, or at any rate are vaguely expressed, but he has taken a good deal of pains with regard to the history of various words. To a great extent he follows Mr. Wedgwood, whose very clever but very dangerous book is least dangerous with regard to the class of words with which Mr. Smith mainly deals. These are one particular kind of Romance words. They are, for the most part, neither the very newest class, which proclaim their foreign origin to the most careless observer, nor yet the very oldest class, which have been so thoroughly naturalized that none but a scientific inquirer will perceive that they are foreign words at all. The "common words with curious derivations" are, for the most part, words of an intermediate class—Romance words which have been a good deal beaten about in their progress through the world, and whose history is by no means always obvious at first sight. They are the sort of words which really belong more to the historian of literature than to the comparative philologist, the sort of words which are just suited for Archbishop Trench to descant and moralize upon. Generally of course they are of Latin origin, the original form and original meaning of the Latin word getting strangely disguised in its process through various stages of French and English. But sometimes they are actually Teutonic words which have got into the Romance tongues, and which, having thus put on a Latin disguise, have come home to us again by way of France. We do not mean that Mr. Smith wholly neglects purely Teutonic words, but they do not come so much in his line. A purely Teutonic word, which has simply stayed at home and gone through the ordinary stages of change, has seldom this sort of history attaching to it. It is the strangers and pilgrims which have run up and down the world that have these long stories to tell about themselves. That Mr. Smith is quite right in his doctrine that most Latin words have come into English through the medium of French, we need not stop to argue. As far as we can remember off-hand, the Romans left behind them in the Province of Britain one word, namely *street*, which survives in common modern English. *Cæster* is no longer an appellative; *Port* has lost its commonest meaning; *Cohn* (Colonia) is found in only one name. Most likely there are more, which do not occur to us at a moment's notice; to be safe, let us say there may be a dozen. To these we add the larger, but still small, class which came in with Augustine—*Bishop*, *Candle*, and so forth. These small exceptional classes are far too small to help Mr. Smith's enemies to any serious extent.

Mr. Smith, as we have said, to a great extent follows Mr. Wedgwood. In this class of words Mr. Wedgwood's knowledge of dialects, and his power of tracing the history of words, stand him in good stead, while they are comparatively little affected by his want of strict scientific precision and by his peculiar theories as to the origin of language. When Mr. Smith departs from Mr. Wedgwood, it is generally not for the better. For instance, *companion* is surely from *con* and *panis*, and nothing else, as Wedgwood has it. Mr. Smith doubts between this derivation and "*compago compaginis*," a lock or fastening, one fastened to another in friendly association." Mr. Smith is probably led away by the *g* in the Italian and French forms of the word; but the *gn* is nothing but the regular change in the French and Italian spelling. *Companium* takes a *g* before the *n*, just as *Bol(n)onia* becomes *Bologna* and *Bo(u)logne*. To be sure Du Cange suggests another derivation, from *compagus*, which, as far as meaning goes, is better than Mr. Smith's, but which is objectionable on the same ground. It is quite impossible again that *to abet* can have anything to do with the Old-English *betan*, to be better; or that *to beat* a man, at chess for instance, is not really to beat him, by "a metaphor taken from cudgelling," but merely to show oneself the better player. Mr. Wedgwood has a great deal to say on this matter. *Abash* again is, according to Mr. Wedgwood, from *esahir*; according to Mr. Smith, from "French *abaisser*, from the Greek *βαίνω*," to *abash* being the same as to *abase*. But *base*, *bas*, *basso*, &c., though the origin of the words is anything but clear, surely cannot be from *βαίνω*. Stranger still is it when Mr. Smith says:—

BELIEF. "Faith." From *libido*, desire; a longing desire of an object in one assuming or feeling persuaded of its reality.

It expresses that feeling of human nature which lends itself willingly to credit what it desires to be true.

Compare the provincial English word *lief*, "I would as lief go," that is, as willingly.

Belief from *libido* really verges on the comic, especially as coming from one who is anyhow a Vicar, and perhaps an Archdeacon.

That knight he is a foul Paynim,
And kneeth on Mahound,

Lyfan, *gelyfan*, *believe*, *gelauben*, *glauben*, are all the same thing, and so are several other things of which again Mr. Wedgwood has something to say.

Under *Cabbage* Mr. Smith has made a curious mistake from simply not understanding Mr. Wedgwood. Mr. Wedgwood quotes "*Choux cabus*, a headed cole or cabbage," *cabus* meaning "headed,

round or great-headed." This Mr. Smith turns into "*Cabbage* is from the old French *cabus*, from which is derived the modern *chous*, from the Latin *caput*." But Mr. Wedgwood by no means says that *choux* is derived from *cabus*, *choux* being of course from *caulis*. On *Harbinger*, again, Mr. Smith is so confused that we hardly know whether he is right or wrong:—

HARBINGER. One who finds a harbour or *auberge*, that is, lodgment, preceding a royal personage in his travels for that purpose; hence, a herald or fore-runner, as poets speak of birds as the harbingers of spring.

Now *harbinger*, *harbour*, *auberge*, are doubtless all connected, *albergo* or *auberge* being among the Teutonic words which have got into Romance. But if Mr. Smith does not himself think that *harbinger* is derived from *auberge*, he uses words which may easily lead his readers to think that he does.

On "Head" we have:—

Head. Gr. *κεφαλή*, Latin *caput*, Saxon *heafod*, German *haupt*, English *head*.

This jumble is enough to show what are Mr. Smith's pretensions to philology proper. So presently after—

MEDDLE. This is plainly derived from the Latin *medius*, and is another form of the English "middle"; to meddle being impertinently to put oneself in the middle, between things or persons. But the Latin *medius* does not supply the latter syllable; for this we are indebted to the common termination of German infinitives, *eln*. So *mitteln*, or *vermitteln*, in German is *mediare*, to mediate; and to mediate unduly is to meddle.

Mr. Wedgwood gives quite a different account of the word, but never mind. Because *medius* and "middle" are cognate, Mr. Smith thinks that *middle* is "plainly derived from" *medius*, like the man who thought that *Vater* was derived from *pater*. So again, for "the last syllable" he goes off to High-Dutch, to "the common termination of German infinitives *eln*." According to Mr. Smith, you get English by taking a Latin root and adding a modern German ending:—

So again—

WARRIOR. A very common change is that of the French *gu* into the English *w*; the letter *w* was not in the Latin alphabet, so that *gu* is its representative, as *Gulielmus* for William. Compare guard and ward, guile and wile, guarantee [Mr. Smith must mean guaranty] and warranty, and in the present case *guerre* in French with the English war, and *guerrier* with warrior.

Here we believe Mr. Smith means what is right, only he does not know how to express himself. The French *gu* cannot be said to be changed into English *w*, but *vice versa*. And *Gulielmus* is of course simply barbarous, or perhaps comes from an Italian corruption. The real French form is *Guillelmus*, according to rule. But it is worth noticing that, in this name at least, the *gu* forms are comparatively modern. We have *Guillelmus* in William of Poitiers, and *Guillaume* in Benoit de Ste. More; but Flodoard, Richer and Dudo all have *Willelmus*, and the *Roman de Rou* has *Willame*.

On the other hand, we are bound to say that we go with Mr. Smith in his derivation of *calamitas* from *calamus*. Far-fetched as it is, it is not more so than *tribulation* from *tribulum*. We can make nothing of Mr. Wedgwood's "Perhaps from W[elsh] *coll*, loss, when Lat. *incolumis*, without loss, safe."

Altogether Mr. Smith is hardly up to the mark, but his battles with his reviewers clearly show that there are other people who are still further below it than he is.

CERISE.*

AMONG the advantages claimed, with more or less reason, for the so-called "good old times," that of picturesqueness may fairly be conceded. Whether our forefathers were more moral or more honest than ourselves is an open question, but they at least clothed their vices in a showier garb. There was a dash of spurious romance about Dick Turpin the highwayman, with his pistols and his thoroughbred mare, which is wholly wanting in Bill Sykes the garotter. And so in many other matters. It is quite possible that a good deal of the apparent romance of bygone days is due to the enchantment which distance proverbially lends; but, even allowing a liberal discount on this score, there is a warmth of colour in the life of those days beside which our own seems tame and prosaic, as our lath-and-plaster villas sink into insignificance beside the battlemented castles of our ancestors. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at that writers of fiction are often tempted to turn their backs on the prosaic present, and wander in the more romantic regions of the past. Major Whyte Melville has, for the second time, made use of an historical background. In *The Queen's Mariages* the personages as well as the scenery were historical; but we are glad to find that the author has grown wiser by experience, and that in *Cerise* the characters are almost entirely fictitious. The writer of an historical novel, in the full sense of the word, has this difficulty to contend with—that the majority of his readers have already formed some idea of the personages of whom he treats, and, should his estimate differ from their own, are naturally more or less disappointed in the book. As, moreover, there are contrary opinions on almost every subject, the utmost need of success that an average novel of this class can hope to attain is to please one-half of the reading public; and to gain even this limited measure of favour demands an amount of labour that few novelists care to bestow. To depict

* *Cerise*. A Tale of the Last Century. By G. J. Whyte Melville, Author of "The Gladiators," "Digby Grand," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.

effectively the personages of a bygone era, an author must have studied the particular period until his mind becomes thoroughly imbued with the very manner and fashion of the time. The man who approaches his work in this painstaking spirit will at least deserve success; but a notion seems to be too generally entertained by popular writers, that a smattering of such phrases as "Gadzooks," "By my halidame," and "Marry come up," is sufficient capital for the historical novelist. We do not include Major Melville in this class, but his historical studies have as yet fallen far short of the standard we have indicated, and the result, in *The Queen's Maries*, was a portrait of Mary Stuart which neither her friends nor her enemies owned as a likeness. In *Cerise* he has prudently altered his plan. The only historical personage (with the exception of Louis XIV., who just peeps in at the end of the first chapter) is the *débonnaire* Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, and he occupies but a small space in the book. The remaining personages appear to have been selected principally with a view to dramatic effect, and the chief of them are made, with some ingenuity, to appear each in two or three different characters. The hero, Sir George Hamilton, is English by birth, but French by nurture, and is first a captain in the *corps d'élite* called the Grey Musketeers, afterwards commander of a privateer, and finally settles down into an English baronet of sporting tendencies. As a foil to Hamilton's blunt honesty, we have an unscrupulous Abbé, who ultimately develops into the conventional Jesuit of melodrama, the master-spirit of plot and intrigue. In sharp contrast to the Abbé Malletort, the Jesuit by nature, is the Jesuit by misadventure, Florian de Saint Croix, afterwards musketeer, afterwards sailor, then Jesuit again. Over the delineation of this character—the devoted friend and fearless foe, constantly chafing under the restraint imposed by his passionless order, and battling with the temptation he dares not own—the author has apparently lingered with a loving hand. *Cerise*, the nominal heroine, is rather a commonplace young lady, but this is not an unusual fault of nominal heroines. Madame de Montmirail, her mother, is a much more elaborate character. When we are told in the second chapter that "she had the softest eyes, the smoothest skin, the sweetest voice in the bounds of France, but her heart was declared by all to be harder than the very diamonds that became her so well," we feel instinctively that we are in the presence of a true heroine of romance, and subsequent events fully justify our expectations. When we add to the characters we have enumerated an adept skilled in toxicology, a quadron ayah with the reputation of dealings with Obi, and such little unconsidered trifles as a masked ball, a poisoned bouquet, a *lettre de cachet*, a duel à outrance, a privateering cruise, a servile insurrection, and a Jacobite plot, it will be admitted that the author has a very respectable assortment of melodramatic material. Nor is he slow to avail himself of his opportunities. Incident follows incident in rapid succession, and the story is told with a pleasant energy which of itself goes far to prevent any stagnation of interest.

The scene of the first volume is laid in Paris, and the action commences with the death of Louis XIV., and is carried on through the earlier part of the Regency. Everybody is intriguing for something or other, after the complicated fashion made familiar to us by M. Alexandre Dumas. The Regent is in love with the Marquise de Montmirail, who, on the other hand, loves George Hamilton, and is sore perplexed to choose between love and ambition. George, ignorant of her preference, loves and is beloved by her daughter *Cerise*, who in her turn is the object of a hopeless but devoted attachment on the part of the young Jesuit, Florian de Saint Croix. Love is proverbially eccentric; but it is to be hoped that the passion does not often develop itself at such very cross purposes as here stated. George, as we have said, is a captain in the Grey Musketeers, and the force of circumstances brings Florian into the same corps. He is insulted in a *café*, fights a duel—the description of which, by the way, is one of the best things in the book—and kills his opponent. The fallen man is the fencing-master of the Musketeers, and George hastens to enlist in his corps the swordman who could conquer such an adversary. How it is that Florian is able to abandon his order so readily is not very clearly explained, but we are willing to take it for granted that the author has satisfied his own mind on the subject. Florian and his captain become fast friends, and the first volume comes to a spirited end with a moonlight *mêlée* in a garden between the Regent and his myrmidons on the one side, and George and Florian on the other. The two heroes have chivalrously interfered to defend Madame de Montmirail against the dishonourable designs of the *roué* Regent. They are victorious in the combat, but France is too hot to hold them after such an adventure, and the second volume sees them seeking their fortune as privateers. Madame de Montmirail, like herself, has fled from the vengeance of the Regent, and with her daughter has taken refuge in an island in the tropics, where she owns a sugar plantation. A revolt among the slaves places mother and daughter in a situation of extreme peril, from which they are rescued by the opportune arrival of the privateers, just as the Marquise has shot down the foremost of her assailants. The excitement of the rescue elicits an avowal of George's affection for *Cerise*, and her mother, generously repressing her own feelings, gives her consent to their immediate union. The only obstacle is the want of a priest, but the faithful Florian, ever equal to the occasion, obligingly turns Jesuit again, and performs the ceremony. In the third volume, George, now Sir George Hamilton, is comfortably settled with his

wife in England, but the course of true love has not yet quite settled down to its proper channel. Jealousy and Jacobite plots combine to mar their peace, but finally all the disturbing elements are satisfactorily removed. We have given but a mere outline of the plot, which is as "chokefull" of incident as Sol Gills was of science. Its principal defect is a want of unity. The hero and heroine are comfortably married at the end of the second volume, and the book might very well have ended at that point. The thread of the story was fully unwound; there was no secret remaining to be told; in short, there was nothing in the world to hinder any one of the characters from settling down quietly, and living happily ever afterwards. But the author was unfortunately persuaded that a full-grown novel must occupy three volumes, and proceeded to write a third volume accordingly. As might naturally have been expected, the third volume is the weakest part of the book. The married life of the hero and heroine evokes a comical reminiscence of Mr. Thackeray's burlesque sequel to *Vanhook*—an effect which the author can hardly have desired. Hamilton's growing jealousy of his wife, and the consequent *éclat*, are cleverly treated, but form too slight a basis for the after-plot, after the stirring scenes of the first two volumes; and an anti-climax is the natural result.

The characters are drawn boldly, and, generally speaking, with considerable success. The contrast between the two Jesuits is ingeniously conceived, and dexterously worked out. We were not aware that the disciples of Loyola received so strict a training in the arts of self-defence, but Florian's martial proficiency is a valuable quality in a hero of melodrama, whatever it might be in a votary of Ignatius. Setting aside his warlike accomplishments, we have a notion that we have met somebody very like him before, in a novel of M. Eugène Sue, but we are charitable enough to believe that the resemblance is accidental. There is not much humour in christening three sailors, unexpectedly meeting in a pot-house, Slap-Jack, Smoke-Jack, and Bottle-Jack respectively, but the personages who own these facetious *sobriquets* are worthy of a passing mention. There are two classes of persons—sailors and Scotch lawyers—whose forms of expression we never presume to criticize, but are content to hear and wonder at. Whether, therefore, the language of these gentlemen is strictly nautical, we do not pretend to say; but the author has hit off the sailor character very successfully. One time-honoured observance we miss with regret—we do not find that either of them on any occasion hitches up his trousers; but, as the story is laid in the last century, the difference of costume may probably account for the omission. The three mariners are remarkable for their abstinence from naughty expletives; but if the author's nautical manners are irreproachable, his nautical morals are the reverse of correct. The way in which the virtuous hero meditates upon the propriety of turning pirate is about the most charming thing of the kind we have ever read:—

While he sat there, he knew well enough that his letters of marque would bear him out in pouncing on any unfortunate merchantman he could come across under Spanish colours, but there had been whispers of peace in London, and the weekly news-letter read aloud that afternoon in the coffee-house round the corner induced the probability of these rumours. By the time he reached his cruising-ground, the treaty might have been signed which changed a privateer into a pirate, and the exploit that would earn a man his knighthood this week might swing him at his own yard-arm the next. In these times, however, considerable latitude, if not allowed, was at least claimed by these kindred professions, and the calculator in the parlour of the Fox and Fiddle seemed unlikely to be over scrupulous in the means by which he hoped to attain his end.

He had resolved on earning, or winning, or taking, such a sum of money as would render him independent of fortune for life. He had an object in this which he deemed worthy of any sacrifice he could offer. Therefore he had fitted out and freighted his brigantine partly at his own expense, partly at that of certain confiding merchants in Leadenhall Street, so as to combine the certain gains of a peaceful trader with the more hazardous venture of a licensed sea-robber who takes by the strong hand. If the license should expire before his rapacity was satisfied, he would affect ignorance while he could, and when that was no longer practicable, throw off all disguise and hoist the black flag openly at the main.

Heroes of melodrama have a prescriptive right to be a little queer in their morals, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and strait-laced people will be inclined to draw it a good deal on the inner side of piracy. It is true that circumstances render it unnecessary for George Hamilton to turn buccaneer; but the point of the joke lies in the author's apparent unconsciousness that there is anything seriously wrong in robbery and murder, or that his hero would have in any degree forfeited the reader's sympathies if he had carried out his good intentions. We sincerely hope that this passage may not meet the eye of the Archbishop of York. Should it do so, the reverend prelate's views as to the immoral tendencies of modern novels will receive a weighty confirmation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GUSTAVE DEVILLE'S new brochure* is of considerable interest as a contribution to the science of language. It is an essay on the Tzaconian dialect, and has obtained for the author the LL.D. degree in the French University. Tzaconia is a region situated between Nauplia and Cape Malea, on the eastern coast of the Peloponnese. M. Deville begins his work by describing the geographical characteristics of the district, and enumerating the various towns, or rather villages, which it contains; and, in a second chapter, he gives us a sketch of its

* *Études du Dialecte Tzacorien.* Par Gustave Deville. Paris: Durand.

political history. The most important part, however, of the treatise is that which refers to the grammar and to the language of the inhabitants. We shall merely state briefly M. Deville's conclusions:—1. The Tzaconian dialect is the offspring of the Laconian formerly spoken in this very district. 2. If, according to the ideas of Ahrens, the Laconian dialect, like the Arcadian and the Elean, is ante-Doric and not Doric, it follows that the Tzaconian language is connected with the idioms spoken by the tribes which occupied Greece before the arrival of the Hæclides. 3. The geographical position of the Tzaconians having kept them to a great extent apart from the influence of foreign civilization and from the revolutions so frequent throughout the remainder of Greece, the language in use amongst them may be regarded as having a special affinity with that of the ancient inhabitants of the Peloponnesus. M. Deville's disquisition contains a complete Tzaconian grammar, and is illustrated with an excellent map.

One of the most disastrous volcanic eruptions on record is that of Mount Vesuvius during the month of December, 1631. M. Le Hon has now published a very interesting description of it*, accompanied by a map of all the lava-layers from the sixteenth century to the present day. The great difficulty of his task consisted in finding, at a depth of nine, and sometimes of twelve, feet below the soil, the beds made by the boiling bitumen during the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth. It became necessary to examine carefully the wells, the caves, and the ravines, throughout the district; and to ascertain at what epochs the various vine-plantations had been made—in fact, to study nature, instead of consulting books or pictorial illustrations. It is true that on different occasions artists or geologists have drawn sketches of the lava outpourings, but those sketches are generally incomplete; and even the beautiful map prepared by the French *état-major*, although sufficiently correct, gives neither the results of the old eruptions nor those of the volcanic convulsions subsequent to the year 1834. M. Le Hon's chart must, therefore, be considered superior to everything that has hitherto been published on the same subject.

The dedication page of M. Alexis Pierron's amusing duodecimo, taken in connection with the title, will perhaps be a surprise to many readers. *Voltaire et ses Maîtres*—such is the subject discussed; and the person to whose memory the book has been inscribed is none else than Charles Rollin—Rollin the austere Jansenist, the embodiment of discipline, of order, of sober-mindedness, and of decency. "Train up a child," &c. If ever that proverb or golden maxim was contradicted by fact, it was surely in the case of Voltaire. Only imagine the young Arouet, placed under the direction of the Jesuits, composing or paraphrasing an ode in honour of Sainte Geneviève! We believe that neither the University nor the Jesuits afterwards made any very loud boast of their pupil. At all events the future upholder of free-thinking appears to have gone rather brilliantly through his University career, and the episode which M. Alexis Pierron details might form an excellent preliminary chapter to the numerous biographies of Voltaire. We have here a variety of particulars which are not generally known, and characters are introduced which do not belong to the usual walks of literary history, such as Porée, Tournemine, Jouvency, and many other amiable Jesuits, clever at Latin verses, polished and refined in their manners, but, we apprehend, unknown to all but scholars.

The history of satirical literature is another subject full of interest, nor could it be treated by a more competent author than M. Lenient.† In a volume published several years ago, this gentleman had given us an excellent sketch of the origin and progress of mediæval satire, including notices of the *Roman de la Rose*, the *Roman de Fauvel*, *Reynard the Fox*, the *fables* of the *Trouvères*, and the dramatized lampoons of the *Confères de la Bazoché*. He now follows up the same topic, and discourses about what he calls the militant literature of the sixteenth century. There was no lack of materials here, for the Renaissance and the Protestant Reformation aimed at the complete destruction of mediæval institutions; and what instrument of offence so powerful (especially in the hands of Frenchmen) as satire? Accordingly, M. Lenient has easily found matter to fill a thick octavo. He begins by an introductory chapter on the state of the public mind towards the dawn of the sixteenth century, and after having cast a glance at Erasmus, Reuchlin, and other foreign satirists, he launches forth into his real subject. Philosophical squibs, religious pamphlets, political lampoons, and satires of a more especially literary and dramatic character are successively passed in review before the reader. Amongst the various personages introduced to us, we may name Rabelais, Viret, Clément Marot, and the author of the *Satire Ménippée*.

Count de Falloux announces a new and collected edition of Madame Swetchine's Letters‡; and in the meanwhile he has published a volume intended to supplement those already issued, and consisting of waifs which had previously escaped the learned academicians' attention. Besides several anonymous correspondents, we notice Mademoiselle de Virieu, the Marquis de la

Bourdonnaye, Madame de Pastoret, and M. de Tocqueville. Short biographical notices prefixed to each series of letters give us every necessary information respecting the persons to whom they are addressed. There is nothing particularly new to remark on in this volume. We find Madame Swetchine still dividing her attention between politics and literature, endeavouring to reconcile royalism with liberalism, and judging all the events which take place around her from the stand-point of Ultramontane religion. She is still the disciple of Count Joseph de Maistre, but with far greater catholicity of spirit; she has studied the *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*, no doubt, but her views have been modified by the *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*. Besides, the very list of her correspondents is the best proof of her superiority to vulgar prejudices. Bigotry could hardly reign in a *salon* where M. de Tocqueville met Count Montalembert, and where Lacordaire fraternized with Dom Guéranger, the great adversary of Gallicanism.

We noticed some months ago the first two volumes of M. Dareste's *History of France**: two more instalments of the work are now before us, ending with the death of Henry IV. We shall not here repeat what has already been said respecting the character of this work; let us merely add that the remarks of M. Dareste on several important points of French policy are well worth attention. Thus he contends that the famous *concordat*, introduced by Francis I. as the law of the Church, was a most deplorable measure. According to M. Dareste, the King, under the pretence of delivering the clergy from the despotic interference of Rome, really bound them down by the fetters of a galling tyranny; Francis I. and his successors were popes within the limits of their own dominions, and the Church had absolutely no power left. M. Dareste's sketch of the French Renaissance, which terminates his third volume, is also deserving of study. In a few short but pithy paragraphs he describes the progress of literature and the fine arts; and he estimates very correctly the memoirs of the time, such as those of the Du Bellays, whom he calls *la monnaie de Commynes*, those of Brantôme the satirist, Montluc the warrior, and Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes, the best representative of the independent part of the aristocracy. The fourth volume is equally worthy of notice; Calvin and the Huguenots, Henry III. and the League, Henry of Navarre and the Edict of Nantes, are a few of the more salient topics which M. Dareste has treated.

The voluminous collection of M. de Balzac's works has supplied the materials for a compilation in which the author of *La Comédie Humaine* is placed in the same rank as Pascal, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, and Vauvenargues.† M. Alphonse Pages begins his introduction with an apology for novelists in general, considered as moral philosophers. Of course there is not the slightest objection to their being placed in that category, when they deserve it; they study, or profess to study, the human heart, and if their psychological anatomy is judiciously conducted, its results cannot fail to be valuable. This is, however, a general principle, and opinions may differ as to the application of it to Balzac. M. Pages acknowledges a great want of unity in the works of his hero; we should say a great want of morality. Balzac's powers of observation were most remarkable, and his knowledge of mankind has rarely been equalled; but he seems to revel in vice, and, with a few exceptions, his characters are positively repulsive. *Balzac Moraliste* may be usefully read as a key to the manners and opinions of contemporary France; but, in order to know thoroughly Balzac's literary merits, we shall still have to turn to the *Comédie Humaine*.

Viscount Oscar de Poli, after having fought at Castelfidardo against the principles of the Revolution, now occupies his leisure in writing about the exploits of the Vendéans and the Chouans, who seventy years ago defended the same cause.‡ Jean Poignédacier is an old Royalist soldier; he relates his adventures in a very interesting manner, and gives us some curious details respecting the civil war which desolated the west of France during the Revolution. By way of preface, M. Attale de Cournau has added an historical sketch of the Chouannerie and the Vendéan rising. He describes the principal leaders of the movement—Charette, Bonchamps, d'Elbée, Cathelineau, and La Rochejaquelein; he shows that their great mistake was trusting to foreign help, and he laments the defeat of Royalism. The government of the Convention, he maintains, established in blood and kept up by terror, did not command the sympathy of France; and all persons who had any spark of honest feeling left secretly desired the success of the Vendéans. M. de Cournau blames the emigration. If the Royalists who joined Condé's army had carried on the war against the National Convention in France itself, they would, he thinks, have probably succeeded, besides taking away from the revolutionary dictators the pretext that the integrity of the French territory was threatened. M. de Cournau is careful likewise to distinguish between the Vendéans and the Chouans, whose bravery too often bordered upon wanton cruelty.

It seems difficult in these days to believe that, less than a century ago, the Protestants in France were regarded as criminals against whom everything was allowable; so hard is it for the rights of conscience to obtain the respect they deserve, so naturally are men inclined to maintain their own opinions *per fas et*

* *Histoire Complète de la grande Éruption du Vésuve de 1631*. Par H. Le Hon. Bruxelles: Muquardt.

† *Voltaire et ses Maîtres. Épisode de l'Histoire des Humanités en France*. Par A. Pierron. Paris: Didier.

‡ *La Satire en France au 16^e Siècle*. Par C. Lenient. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Lettres Inédites de Madame Swetchine*. Publiées par le Comte de Falloux. Paris: Didier.

* *Histoire de France, depuis ses Origines jusqu'à nos Jours*. Par M. Dareste. Vols. 3 and 4. Paris: Plon.

† *Balzac Moraliste*. Avec une Introduction par Alphonse Pages. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Jean Poignédacier; Récits d'un vieux Chouan*. Par le Vicomte Oscar de Poli. Paris: Lévy.

nefas. The little book now published by M. Coquerel* is a striking and painful evidence of this. It contains the touching account of a few galley-slaves who were condemned to the severest punishments merely because they did not serve God after the fashion of Louis XIV. and of Bossuet. It was certainly not that the *grand monarque* cared aught about religion; but all his subjects, on all questions, were expected to think precisely as he did himself, and we know that the monastery of Port-Royal did not find more grace in his eyes than the church of Charenton. The several chapters of M. Coquerel's volume have already appeared in Protestant periodicals; collected together, revised and enlarged, they form an excellent contribution to the history of religious freedom. An appendix gives a list, nearly complete, of the unfortunate Huguenots whose unflinching love of their religion led them to the galleys.

Two writers, hitherto regarded as decided Liberals, have just fallen under suspicion amongst their friends, and now are denounced as shameless renegades. One is M. Renan, who, in a chapter of his recent work, maintains that the era of the Cæsars was particularly favourable to philosophers; the other is M. Edgar Quinet. This gentleman's remarkable book on the Revolution was undoubtedly curious as being the production of one supposed to be an ardent democrat; but why should not even democrats find reason to modify their views, and, if we have seen Legitimists become in the course of twenty-four hours converts to Socialism, is it surprising that Republicans should, after due consideration, declare their opinion that "the French Revolution was not worth what it has cost"? M. Peyrat, however, takes up the cudgels, and in a series of articles originally published in the *Avenir National*† he pledges himself to prove, against M. Quinet, first, that the Jacobins were excellent rulers; secondly, that the Committee of Public Safety, established by the force of circumstances, obtained unhopd-for results, and saved the Revolution. It is rather strange to find M. Peyrat saying, in his preface, that M. Quinet's volumes are already forgotten, when he takes so much pains to refute them.

M. Dufau wishes to prove‡ that the inductive method is applicable to moral and political science, as well as to the study of nature. The best way, of course, to establish this argument is to select a certain number of examples, and to submit them to the test which philosophers make use of when they study the phenomena of nature; and this is what M. Dufau has endeavoured to do in a series of very interesting chapters. It is clear that, if he can make good his case, he will have rendered an immense service to society; for we may then hope in process of time to get rid of all the ridiculous *à priori* systems invented by men like Cabet, Proudhon, and others. But M. Dufau is modest enough to acknowledge that, if there were not some serious obstacle in the way of establishing on an inductive basis the science of political economy, Montesquieu, Adam Smith, and their compeers would surely have attempted the task themselves. The obstacle consists, according to M. Dufau, in the fact that we have to deal here with essentially variable elements. By way of compensation, however, we have the frequent reproduction of the same facts, and this affords a sufficient ground for the study of the philosophical observer. All these facts are grouped by our author into five different categories, corresponding respectively to the following sciences—metaphysics, ethics, legislation, politics, and political economy.

One of the most interesting chapters in the history of France, if it were well done, would be the history of the police, and, strange to say, it had never been attempted before the publication of M. Clément's new work. The *Journal d'un Employé de M. de Sartines*, and a few extracts from the memoirs of Bachaumont and of Barbier, were our principal sources of information on the subject. M. Clément has very happily applied to this important topic his extensive knowledge of the history of France during the seventeenth century, and his volume is a complete account of the administration of La Reynie and D'Argenson, who directed the Paris police, the former at the beginning, the latter towards the end, of the reign of Louis XIV. The famous affair of Fouquet, the trial of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, Court intrigues, the Protestants, the famine, the provincial riots, gambling, and the embellishments of Paris, are discussed in sixteen chapters, for the preparation of which important MSS. documents have been consulted. The reader will notice an appendix of no less than forty-seven police reports, extending from 1667 to 1713.

The voyage to the planet Venus|| related by M. Achille Eyraud originates amongst a company of German students who, despite the solid realities of *bock-bier*, are still as fond of the world of fancy as in the palmy days of Hoffmann. The incidents of this excursion enable our author to give his opinion about mundane things in general; and it is supposed that Monsieur le Préfet de Police would not visit upon M. Achille Eyraud the critical remarks made by Venusians. Those remarks, we must add, are of a very mild and inoffensive character; they have nothing to remind the reader of Swift's keen satire, or of Cyrano de Bergerac's humorous descriptions. Universal harmony, a kind of Socialism carried on without State intervention—such is, generally speaking, the programme of that happy

community. It is a kind of Salentum adapted to the ideas of the nineteenth century. At Venusia, the metropolis of the planet, the ballet-dancers are models of graceful propriety. New comedies succeed (when they deserve it) by their own merits, and cremation is substituted for our usual mode of burying.

The works of the late M. Ourliac comprise a volume of plays now just published. As the *impresario* boasts of the name of M. Croquignole*, we cannot expect from him anything above the range of what we should call farces. The *Théâtre du Seigneur Croquignole* reminds us of M. Alfred de Musset's *Spectacle dans un Fauteuil*, with the grand difference, however, which exists between easy talent and genius. At the same time the plot of most of these comédiettas is very ingenious, and the style excellent. The subject, especially of the one entitled *L'Hôpital des Fous*, seems to us capitally treated, the two physicians introduced by M. Ourliac being almost worthy of Molière.

Three novels demand a short notice at our hands. Under the title *Les Fourches Caudines*, M. Amedée Achard has described with his usual talent† the history of a lady in quest of happiness. Her parents will not consent to her marrying a young man who has been the friend of her youth, and, having been forced into what is called in France a *mariage de convenance*, she falls the victim of a seducer. The husband discovers too late the merits of her whom he has till then slighted; and he dies. Jacques, the earliest flame of Madame de Meris, then presents himself; but the unfortunate woman relates to him the story of her shame, and sinks under the weight of moral misery.

M. Em. Berthet's *Houilleurs de Polignies*‡ is a book combining with all the interest of a highly-wrought story some curious details as to the miners of Northern France. The workmen of a rich engineer, M. Van Best, have struck for wages; his daughter, Amélie, goes down into the mine for the purpose of attempting to pacify them, and is saved from death only by the devotedness of a young man, who subsequently turns out to be an accomplished engineer, and who of course marries, in the concluding chapter, Madlle. Van Best.

The *Talisman*§ introduced into M. Jules Janin's new volume is an opal ring—nothing more; but it falls into the possession of a bewitching maiden, who acts the part of a spirit, and performs the most improbable exploits. She makes use of the talisman in order to save from ruin a gentleman with whom she is in love, and after a series of incidents wittily told, but which could never happen except in the imagination of a novelist, the tale winds up matrimonially, to everybody's satisfaction.

* *Théâtre du Seigneur Croquignole*. Par Ed. Ourliac. Paris: Lévy.

† *Les Fourches Caudines*. Par Am. Achard. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Les Houilleurs de Polignies*. Par Em. Berthet. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Le Talisman*. Par Jules Janin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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